JOHN BULL, AUGUST 17, 1935

TWOPENCE
Vol. LVIII.
1522.

BAD HOSPITALS: JOHN BULL'S CURE SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

JOHN BULL

(Original sketch by H. M. Bateman.)

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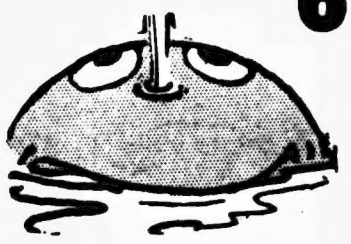

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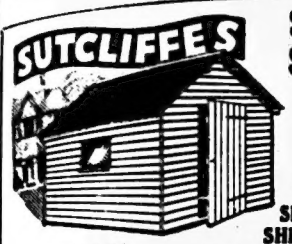

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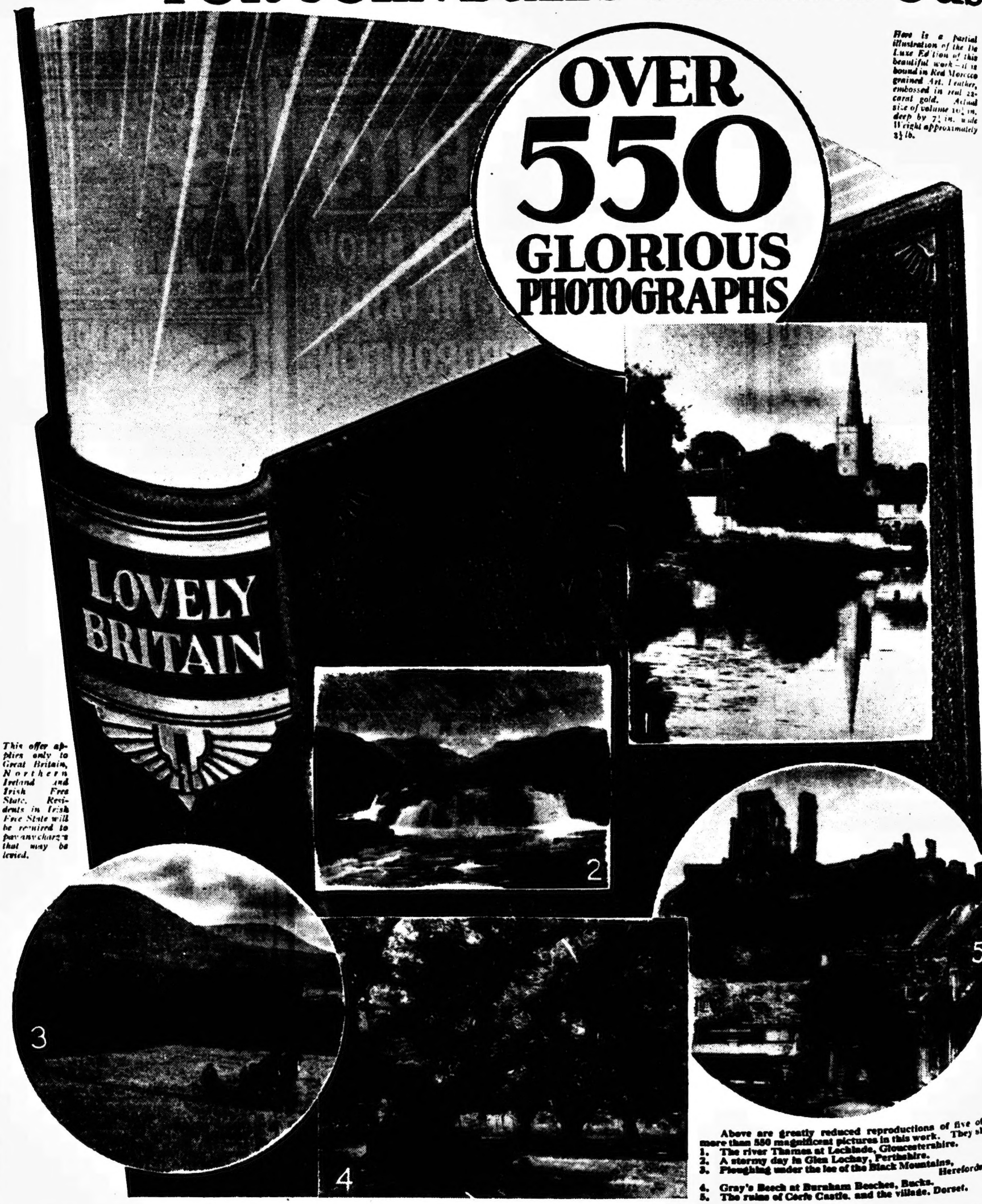

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Without Fear or Favour

JOHN BULL

PESTS of the PARKS

IN this country, with its free Press and democratic institutions, there is a well-recognised way of getting wrongs righted. If the victims are helpless and the law slow to move, some citizen writes to his favourite paper. The editor, if he finds there is reasonable cause, gives publicity to the matter. With public attention focused, some M.P. asks questions in Parliament: or administrative officers begin to take notice. Wheels begin to move.

The slogan, "Write to JOHN BULL about it," is a household proverb because of the many crusades started in its columns that have resulted in specific wrongs being put right.

But what if the victim has been injured in such a way that publicity of any kind would only add to the suffering? What if those anxious to hush up the crime are not the wrongdoers, but the victims' nearest and dearest? What if the police themselves have sometimes to enter into the conspiracy of silence because the sufferer would actually suffer far more than the criminal by any action they might take?

This is what places the growing menace of the assaults on little children out of the categories of ordinary crimes. These facts are the cause of the difficulties of all who want to help.

A policewoman picked up a sobbing, golden-haired child of seven from a shrubbery in an East End park. The child was beside herself with fear and horror. She had been enticed away from the friends she had been playing with by a man who had promised to buy her ice cream. The policewoman took the child home, to be met with the passionate entreaties of the child's mother, "Don't say anything about it, miss, to anyone, or people will point at her all her life."

THE mother may have exaggerated a little, but she knew what she was talking about. One of the teachers in a large elementary school, walking over some disused land, saw a man molesting a child of eight, one of her own pupils. She recognised the man, and the police prosecuted.

Owing to certain special features (the man was a local business man), the case received a great deal of publicity. But the parents had to move from the district. They could not take the child out for a walk without people nudging each other, and the child hearing them say, "That's the little girl."

Mothers of young children who have to send them to play in the parks dread the beginning of the school holidays, for this type of offence is increasing. The National Council of Women, a nation-wide organisation of some of the most responsible women in the country, recently called attention at its conference to the growing evil of these pests in the parks. Many distinguished women welfare workers, including the Countess of Selborne and Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme, have urged that drastic official steps should be taken to cope with the scandal.

The modern mother is particularly worried because she knows that the mischief is not ended when the child has been seen by a doctor, and has been petted and loved by her mother into silence and sleep. The child may appear to have forgotten, but the shock to the mind goes deep.

Policewomen do good work . . . but they are few in number

A girl of nineteen became engaged to a young business man with the complete approval of her parents. Suddenly she was stricken with partial paralysis. Treatment followed treatment, but nothing seemed to get at the cause of the mysterious trouble.

One day, the old family doctor, who had retired some years previously, was brought into consultation. He remembered the girl as a child being brought to him suffering from nervous trouble. The doctor suspected what had happened, and persuaded her to tell him. She had been misused by a man known to the family with whom she had quite trustfully gone to buy sweets. Shocked and shamed, she insisted that her mother should not be told—she was then about twelve.

She apparently recovered from the affair, but the thought that she ought to tell her fiancé had so preyed on her mind that outraged nature took its refuge in a paralysis that ended the engagement.

Of all the pests of society with whom the police have to deal, some of the men given to this type of crime are among the most difficult to catch. The clumsy brute presents little of a problem, and is usually caught and punished. But often these men are themselves the victims of mania which makes them all the more cunning. Sane men seldom commit this type of crime.

Nor are they by any means all poor men. One of the most persistent of Hyde Park pests was a man of good family. He won the confidence of little girls by his fatherly manner, and was so gentle and kind that he could even send a child back quite happy to its play. This made him very difficult to catch, and especially to prosecute. But the damage done in such cases is none the less psychologically real than that of the more obvious beast.

PARENTS, and the community generally, have the right to demand that innocent little children shall be protected from violence.

The problem is, how? Policemen cannot be everywhere, nor are they always the right people for this special work. A policeman in uniform who sees a child trotting trustfully hand in hand with an adult cannot interfere unless he has some reason to have grave suspicion of the man. If he guesses wrong—or the man has a good story—the officer may get into serious trouble.

Policewomen have done good work, especially when they are kept in the same parks day after day. They get to know the children and can check up on suspects. But they are few in number, particularly in the country or semi-suburban areas where there are vacant lands and lonely roads—and hence opportunities for children to be waylaid.

A number of women's organisations have suggested that for the summer holidays in the parks watchers should be appointed who would supplement the work of the police, especially in the poorer districts of London and the big towns, where the children tend to be rather nervous of uniforms.

THE ideal way out of the difficulty—for the children round the Holborn area of London—has been found by Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan, whose devoted work, added to very generous donations from other givers, has dedicated the Foundling Hospital site for children for ever. Here no adult enters except a mother bringing some very tiny toddler, or a teacher in charge of her class. A caretaker stands at the gate—and inside the children play in perfect freedom. Their mothers' minds are at rest because they know that they are in the safety of "the Foundling," as it is known locally.

Special playgrounds for children would not solve the whole of the problem, but they would do a lot to relieve the anxiety of mothers about pests in the parks. They need not be very expensive—a shut-off portion of a big park would serve the purpose admirably.

As is nearly always the case in these social difficulties, there isn't one definite solution to be found—several methods all fitting in and aiming at the same end help to lessen the evil. The important thing is that the public should realise that there *is* a menace, far more serious than the comparatively few cases which are allowed to come into the newspapers might suggest.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Tell-Tale Toll of the Cross Roads

Making Dull Boys Bright

Best Deed of the Year

Stop juggling with road signs, Mr. Hore-Belisha, and get on with the road-building!

IN his attempt to reduce the appalling slaughter of the roads, Mr. Hore-Belisha is not altogether on the right tack. That much is proved by the report he has just issued.

With rare zeal and energy, he has littered our pavements with gaudy beacons, imposed a general speed limit, and talked himself hoarse on the wireless. But he seems to have forgotten the roads!

And his analysis of fatal accidents shows how urgently a great road improvement scheme is needed.

Causes of trouble

We are told that most accidents occur at low speeds and during the rush hours. Twice as many pedestrians are blamed as motorists.

But the most revealing points which emerge concern the high percentage of deaths at cross roads, bends, or on roads with other forms of defective lay-out.

Well, these points have often been stressed, not only by JOHN BULL, but by many road experts. And hitherto they have been ignored.

Damning facts

We have been told, with unfailing regularity, that road safety rests with the public. To a great extent that is true. But "Safety First" should obviously be practised by officialdom as well as the public.

Yet—to quote merely one grain of evidence—Oxfordshire's county surveyor finds that more than half the road fatalities in his area are due to defective lay-out at cross roads and bends!

Is it any wonder that accidents are not decreasing so rapidly as we all desire?

Skinflint methods

The truth is that the skinflints at the Treasury are reluctant to allow the Ministry of Transport to spend money on road improvements. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, however, have not shown the same reluctance in raiding the Road Fund for their own purposes.

So our road system has been starved—and is now disgracefully out of date. We need more roads, wider roads, double-tracked roads, and until we get them lives will be needlessly sacrificed.

Up to him

We agree that all classes of road users must be educated into proper observance of the Safety First code. We must also insist that the road maker does his job.

Let the Minister of Transport stop juggling with signs and playing with restrictions; let him fight the Treasury for new and better roads, and he will have the public behind him.

Only in that way will the accident figures be brought down.

Encouraging—

For the first time in five years, unemployment figures are below 2,000,000. That is an encouraging bit of news. But it must be coupled with a warning.

Our rulers must not use it as an excuse for their Do-Nothing-About-Unemployment policy. They will have to do a great deal before their boasts of "80 per cent. prosperity" are justified.

—and the reverse

What they are planning to do will hinder the return of prosperity. They are planning a Bigger Navy, which means bigger taxes. And bigger taxes mean bigger unemployment.

"We have only half a Navy," wails one Cabinet Minister. "We must renew our Navy," shouts another.

The next step will be frank admission of a naval building scheme—the scheme we revealed months ago.

Black prospect

A third Minister recently told how he had managed, at the Disarmament Conference, to kill the proposal to abolish bombing planes. We all know the result—a mad scramble by the nations to build new fleets of bombing planes.

Must a naval armament race follow?

Stay-away M.P.s

A motion will be brought forward at next month's Labour Party Conference to end the absentee M.P. scandal.

The idea is to stop the pay of M.P.s when they stay away from the House.

Is it necessary? Well, nearly half the M.P.s in the present Parliament have stayed away from half the sittings.

Straight question

Electors might do worse than put this question to candidates at the coming election: "If elected, do you intend to carry out your duties at Westminster?"

There are far too many people who merely want "M.P." after their names to get invited to Palace garden parties or secure guineapig directorships.

Untrained for life

Now let us leave politics to meet Dr. T. Wright, a Scots headmaster. He thinks our education system is rotten—and says so in vigorous language.

His chief complaint is that it doesn't train children for life, and on the whole we agree with him.

If you don't, ask yourself how much of the stuff that was crammed into your head at school has been useful to you.

Ideal way

Dr. Wright has found that dull boys, hopeless at mathematics, become bright when allowed to handle tools. Dull girls are equally successful at cooking.

That sort of experiment points the way to the ideal education system. Instead of teaching a smattering of many subjects to every child, why not concentrate on the subjects in which he does best?

Holiday uncles

Then there's the happy experiment with children's play in Birmingham, Manchester and Fulham. There, during school holidays, games organisers have been appointed in the public parks.

Already they are immensely popular with the youngsters, who are thus removed from the dangers of road traffic.

So excellent a scheme should be widely copied—and made permanent.

Action—if and when

A few weeks ago we again drew attention to the perils of impure bathing pools. Now it is said that the Government is proposing to take action—after "investigations lasting two years."

More than two years have passed since we revealed the true state of affairs, and the investigations could have been accomplished in a fortnight.

Maybe another two years will elapse before action is really taken.

Anti-noise police

The French are waging a vigorous campaign against too-loud loudspeakers; offending owners are to be warned that it is an offence to have their sets working at "full blast" and fined if they persist.

Special anti-noise police are to be recruited for this purpose.

We hope it won't be necessary to form such a body here.

If our authorities made an example of a few radiomaniacs, we think the rest might be more inclined to study their neighbours' comfort.

War against arms

As it happens, our police are starting a campaign against something far more serious—the carrying of firearms by burglars.

This offence is increasing, though we can't imagine it becoming nearly so prevalent here as in—well, you know the place.

And we think our judges can be relied upon to treat offenders with the necessary severity.

One in a thousand

Out of thousands of brave deeds recorded every year, a few overshadow the rest.

One such was in the news a day or two ago.

Thirteen times a young workless man named Alfred Balderson, of South Hylton, Durham, dived to the rescue of a boy—and then had to free him from boulders on the river-bed before succeeding.

Onlookers gave him a cheer—they could afford little more. But men like Balderson deserve a lot more.

Worth while

Something new in the way of organisations is the Lancashire Peace Movement.

It consists of 250 young people, sons and daughters of men who gave their lives in the last war.

We hope its ideals will travel and its numbers increase. And we'd like it to send deputations to the war orphans of ex-enemy countries, for this is a Jubilee youth movement that could have a world-wide influence.

Fight to welcome

If the youth of Lancashire must go in for fighting, let it do battle for the still younger folk of Manchester and Salford.

The latter are threatened with the loss of a camping site at Prestatyn, which for twenty years has been the scene of a week's holiday for 800 children.

Even if the site cannot be saved, there should be means of collecting the monetary munitions for a fresh one.

Unspeakable

"Accommodation unspeakable . . . lighting poor . . . conditions generally dirty. . . ."

Dickens on some scandal long since remedied? No. His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools on a school still in use at Stoke. There are classes in cellars the windows of which are cloaked with years of dirt!

Chance for the grumblers

Well, the report condemns 11 technical schools in Stoke alone. As the essential work will cost £200,000, somebody is bound to grumble.

It's a pity they didn't grumble before—at the squandering of human health.

Mr. Maurice Singer

Following our comments on the activities of Mr. Maurice Singer in our issue of July 21, 1934, we received certain explanations and now find that some of the information on which our comments were based was erroneous. The legal proceedings brought by Mr. Singer in respect of the article have been satisfactorily settled.

Seaside custom

Why must holiday-makers pay more for general commodities at the seaside than in their home districts?

One instance: Sussex sends vegetables to the London market, but they are dearer in Sussex resorts than in the Metropolis.

Maybe it's thought that holiday-makers have money to burn.

Excellent solution

Birmingham hasn't enough young people to fill its jobs, and the Black areas have no jobs!

And so the Midlands city is sending representatives to interview young people in their own towns and then arranging board, travelling and even clothing for those fortunate enough to get positions.

An admirable solution! We are apt to forget that we are a nation and not a conglomeration of warring entities.

Godmother village

The village of Midhurst has provided a free holiday for a London mother and her two children—none of whom had ever seen the countryside before.

The mother has lived for more than forty years in a poor London district, and we have been moved by the description of her wonder and delight, though she seems to have been a bit scared at the rural quiet.

And it makes us regret that such a holiday cannot be given to everyone in the position of that poor woman and her family.

The Fragrant Minute.

ANGELA ROSEMARY

WHO'S the most beautiful babe, east or west? Angela Rosemary. Now how do I know? Well, haven't you guessed? Her parents wrote to me! The most beautiful baby, north or south (both parents do agree!) "and you ought to see her small rosebud mouth" wrote he, and also she!

"The most wonderful eyes, so big and blue, lovelier could not be." Oh! I wish I could come for a peep at you, Angela Rosemary. "And sometimes her hair looks brown," I'm told, nut-brown of hazel tree. "Sometimes it gleams like finest spun gold." Angela Rosemary.

Her total of years is exactly one! Clap hands and laugh with glee. She is her parents whole world and their sun, Angela Rosemary!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

The Gresford Disaster LIE

Mr. McGurk (right) and Mr. Pemberton doing rescue work at the scene of the disaster

—by John McGurk—

President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation

"MORE than eighty of the 265 victims of the Gresford pit disaster last September starved to death. We found a body 600 yards from where we think a group of men slowly starved to death, waiting for the rescuers who never got to them . . ."

Such was the statement made at the recent conference of the Miners' Federation at Rhyl.

It was a statement made, I don't doubt, in good faith: but it was based on inaccurate information.

The trouble is that wide publicity has been given to this terrible allegation. It has been reported in newspapers throughout the country.

Such a charge must cause unmeasured harm and distress. Imagine the feelings of the women whose men lie buried in the horror of the Gresford pit. They may be led to think that there was something lacking in courage or initiative on the part of those left to handle this awful disaster. That if *something* had been done their men might have been saved.

There is, moreover, in that allegation a bitter reflection on the members of the rescue party, who risked their lives in efforts to subdue and penetrate the underground fire. A reflection, too, upon the mine officials and the miners' leaders who were there in charge.

And, again, a reflection on the Government mine inspectors; efficient and able Civil servants, who, by reason of their department regulations, can make no reply.

It is imperative that a damaging suggestion of such a character should be caught and crushed before rumour has added additional unconfirmed and distressing details to the main indictment.

SO I will tell, for the first time, the truth about Gresford, and, in doing so, ask indulgence because the personal side must obtrude to a certain extent.

Let me declare here and now that the statement as to men being left to starve to death is just untrue.

The body which was found, 600 yards away from where these men were supposed to be, was the body of a member of the first rescue party which went down the pit on the Saturday of the disaster.

I was at Gresford on the Sunday morning early. I had been away with Mr. Peter Pemberton, secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, engaged in federation business on the Saturday, and directly we received news of the Gresford accident we left immediately by fast motor-car.

Somewhere about nine o'clock on the Sunday morning Pemberton and I went down the pit. We went in to where the underground fire was raging fiercely, at a spot about a mile from the bottom of the shaft.

Among those down the mine then were Sir Herbert Walker, the Chief Inspector of Mines, Mr. W. J. Charlton, the district inspector, Edward Jones, the local miners' agent, and the rescue party.

The rescue men at that time were endeavouring to damp down the fire. They had formed a communication line, passing up bags of sand and stone dust to lay on the fire and "drown it." You can judge of the intolerable conditions under which the rescue men were working from the fact that the rubble around them was so fiercely hot that to touch it meant a blistered hand.

WHILE this damping down work was in progress, it was our task to ascertain if we could get to whatever was behind the fire. We meant to try and bring out anyone, alive or dead.

We went everywhere through the different levels of the mine, north, south, east and west, and at each point we were met with either raging fire or a wall of noxious gas.

We were doing this, clambering over falls of roof and broken walls. The havoc caused in the mine was just like that of an earthquake The whole place had sort of crumpled up. The wreckage cannot be imagined. I have been in many pit disasters, but have never seen anything like it. Does this look as though the rescue task was shirked? All the time our safety lamps were going out—indicating the presence of poison gas—and the canaries in cages, which were being carried, were dropping down unconscious.

Eventually we struggled through to the place from which the six survivors of the disaster had escaped up a ladder.

In front of us there was just a wall of solid fire. We tried to get round the fire. There was just one small aperture in the heaped-up tumbled debris through which a man could crawl.

On the other side of that hole there was a fire which was like the furnace of a gas retort—just a mass of white-hot radiance, with intermittent flame leaping from it. And the heat of Hades.

That was the place behind which we are now told that eighty-two Gresford miners were left by the rescuers to starve to death.

No living soul could have got nearer to that place than we did, and no man could have lived for an instant behind that fire. It is a lie to suggest otherwise.

Other ways of getting round we tried, only to be met by fire.

At three o'clock that Sunday afternoon, when the rescue party was still trying to fight the fire, and we were endeavouring to get round it, an explosion occurred. It was a terrible explosion that seemed to bring the whole pit down upon us. I was gasping and almost choking in the blast, and those with me were affected in the same way.

After that explosion—which most of us thought was the end of all things—we collected our resources, and went to explore No. 29 level, hoping that there might be a way through. The falls of roof and walls were just as bad here, and after fighting through them we were met with another curtain of fire. A lie to suggest that men could live behind this fire!

Other explosions—which were violent, but not so bad as the first—occurred at four and at five o'clock that afternoon.

With the third explosion, we held a consultation down below. Nobody knew what might happen. The men who had been working were at the last ebb of their strength. Some were light-headed through the noxious gas. To stay below much longer meant the likelihood of death for all of us.

AND we could do nothing. Gas and fire fronted us at all points. The nearest we had managed to force a way to where the Gresford miners had been engulfed was at a place where I found a pit pony crushed to death.

Could anything be done if we continued our work below? Was there a chance—not of bringing out anybody alive—that was hopeless—but of retrieving any bodies?

Without any question, the men of Gresford were killed at the first explosion and in the earthquake upheaval which followed, or were quickly shrouded in the rush of carbon monoxide.

It was impossible, humanly and scientifically, for any soul to have been alive.

Before we gave up there were other conferences below ground and on the surface. Everyone was represented at those discussions—the Government inspectors, the owners and the miners.

Only to save other lives was the decision taken—to seal the pit. It was taken at seven o'clock at night, and reached with the greatest reluctance, after we had all argued and said, "Is there a chance?" and everybody concerned had said, "Well, I will go back again."

But if ever men had tried the impossible, facing death every moment in the effort, it was the men of the rescue parties and the others below in the pit that Sunday.

In the end we decided: "Seal the pit."

Proof that this was the right decision came next day, when there was a further explosion and one poor fellow working on the surface was killed. If there had been people below at that time the roll of death would have been lengthened.

It ill becomes *anyone* who was *not* down the pit after the accident to cast reflections on the rescuers and the officials called to duty. Nothing that was humanly possible was left undone by those who went below when the explosions and the fires were ravaging the underground workings. The purpose of everyone, disregarding the danger, was to try to find any man alive or dead and bring him to the surface.

We, who were miners, knew of the women who waited. Our thoughts were with them. *We did everything.*

And now some fellow says that men in the Gresford pit "starved to death." Time will prove —when the horrors of the pit are disclosed—that it is a wicked lie.

3,000,000

ON every farm and smallholding where a dairy cow is kept this is a week for grave decision. The dairy farmers are all engaged in a poll upon the result of which will depend the existence or disappearance of the English Milk Marketing Board.

To you, the mere buyer of milk, this poll and its result may seem to be of no concern. You are not being consulted in the matter, so you may naturally presume that you are not in any way affected.

This belief will be strengthened when you learn that each farmer—170,000 of them—has to cast a vote not only for himself, but one for each dairy cow he possesses. Votes will therefore be recorded for some three million milch cows, but in this strange election, about which the public knows virtually nothing, the millions of consumers of milk are completely disfranchised.

Yet on the verdict of the ballot will depend ultimately the price you will have to pay for your milk and cream, your butter and cheese, and so on.

It is two years since the Milk Marketing Board—by far the most ambitious marketing scheme ever tried in this country—came into existence. Administered by a team of men with superlative salaries it has, to say the least, brought a semblance of order and organisation into an industry where there had been only chaos and insolvency.

Its brief life has, however, been a stormy one and the poll now being taken to decide if it should survive is the culmination of a long, widespread and intense campaign of hostility, criticism and dissatisfaction among the milk producers.

Long odds

The Board represents only the producers. It was created in 1933 by a vote of 96 per cent. of them in favour of some such scheme. Now the people who brought it into existence are balloting at the instigation of the revolt leaders to decide whether or not it should be scrapped.

It may be a forecast of the result of the poll that the shrewd underwriters of the City of London, who do not often make mistakes, are freely offering odds of twenty to one against the abolition of the Board. If the votes of the farmers and their three million cows demolish the Board, it is recognised that the milk industry must return to a state of chaos even worse than previously reigned. But a vote in favour of the continuance of the Board will not be a vote of confidence in the Board. There must and will be drastic reorganisation.

The sorry part is that none of the schemes of reorganisation so far proposed seem to contemplate effective consideration of the public's interests.

Great surplus

The primary cause of the extraordinary muddle in and bankruptcy of the milk producing industry before the Board came into being was the simple fact that in Britain the consumption of liquid milk is much less than in most other countries—only about one-third of a pint per head of population per day.

There is an immense surplus of production over the needs of the liquid market and, even to-day, 40 per cent. of the output goes at ridiculously low prices to the manufacture of butter, cheese, chocolate and the like. In other words, the produce of two out of every five farmers is unwanted in the liquid market.

The poor prices being obtained for the residue in the manufacturing market is due to foreign and Colonial dumping.

The farmers have made matters worse for themselves. In sheer desperation, when crops, beef and the other departments of farming failed to give them profits, they turned to the development of the dairy side of the business. Year after year the number of milch cows has vastly increased and the production of milk has risen in this country to nearly one thousand million gallons yearly, an advance, in the face of dwindling markets and intensifying cheap foreign competition, of about eleven million gallons per month. There is now one dairy cow for every fifteen members of the population.

The position was so bad before the Marketing Board was formed that British farmers were selling their milk, ostensibly for manufacturing purposes, at the impossible price of 4d. per gallon. They were being ruthlessly exploited. A great deal of the milk sold at this price was not being used even in factories. It was finding its way to the liquid market and being sold to the public at 2s. per gallon.

The task—whether it has been performed is another matter—put before the Milk Board has been to so increase the consumption of liquid milk that none is left to sell at uneconomic prices, and to pursue a plan for cleaning up the milk supplies so that eventually all milk sold will be up to Grade A standard. It negotiates the wholesale and retail prices of liquid milk with the distributors, fixes the prices of milk going into manufacture and imposes on the producers levies to meet administration costs and a manufacturing subsidy.

More to pay

The Board has had to face the colossal task of bringing order into one of the most anarchic and individualised industries in the country. Its opponents and critics are, therefore, legion. Some say it is a Fascist and others a Communist form of dictatorship. The latter argue that the scheme, by pooling the revenues from the sale of liquid and manufacturing milk, distributes the earnings of those who were making a living amongst those who were not—one section of the industry putting its hands into the pockets of another section. If a man has a cow, they declare in effect it is his own cow and no one else has a right to milk it.

Only a few days ago a dairyman who was charged with undercutting the Board's price summarised in a single remark from the dock the opinion of the critics. "Can't I sell my goods," he demanded, "for what I can get so long as I am not fraudulent?"

"No, not in these times," he was bluntly told.

In vain the man pleaded that there could be no such thing as one price of production for a whole industry. No two producers, he said, were equally efficient or had identical advantages of location. Some could produce cheaper than others and whoever produced cheapest could sell cheapest and would increase his sales to his own and the public's benefit. He was merely reminded that the law now orders otherwise.

Farmers' grievance

Among the critics, however, are a vast number of farmers who are not opposed in principle to the theory of controlled marketing or even to outside interference with their industry. Their chief grievance is that the operations of the Board have failed to raise the wholesale price of milk as much as they wished and believed they would get when they voted for the creation of the Board.

It has been no consolation, they say, to stimulate the production of liquid milk and to increase the number of producers, as the Board has done. Their argument is that they believed when they voted for the introduction of the scheme that the whole essence of it would be to safeguard the livelihood of the existing producers and to deal only with the then existing volume of the nation's milk supply.

Many of these critics of the scheme of controlled marketing seem to have believed that the Board would become a kind of universal provider of profits as substantial as they were given under the war-time system of control and they have no time for the argument that an increased production of milk must inevitably sooner or later be of advantage to the consumer.

Another large body of farmers is opposing the scheme and will vote this week for the abolition of the Board because it believes solely in the efficacy of heavy Protection against imported dairy products, including those from the Empire, together with a Government subsidy on its output of milk.

The chief claim to success which the

THE HUMAN MACHINE

—So Long as You've Done Your Best

WHEN you are inclined to think that nothing you have done is worth while, that every effort you have made has come to nothing, that all you do all day long is to run your head up against brick walls, read this and take comfort from it. It was written long ago by one of the greatest historians who ever lived:—

"Let any man look back over what he has witnessed in his own time. Let him remember what was hoped for from political changes, or wars, or from each step in his personal life, and let him compare what has really resulted from those things with what he once expected; how, when good has come, it has not been the good he looked for; how difficulties have shown themselves which no one foresaw; how his calculations have been mocked by incidents which the wisest never dreamt of; and he will plead to be judged, if his conduct comes under historical review, by his intentions and not by the event."

There is no need to wait for history to deliver judgment on what we do. We can give our own opinions on ourselves at the end of each day. The one thing that matters is that we can assure ourselves that we have tried to do our best in every matter we have undertaken, and that everything we set on foot was for what we honestly believed to be the best.

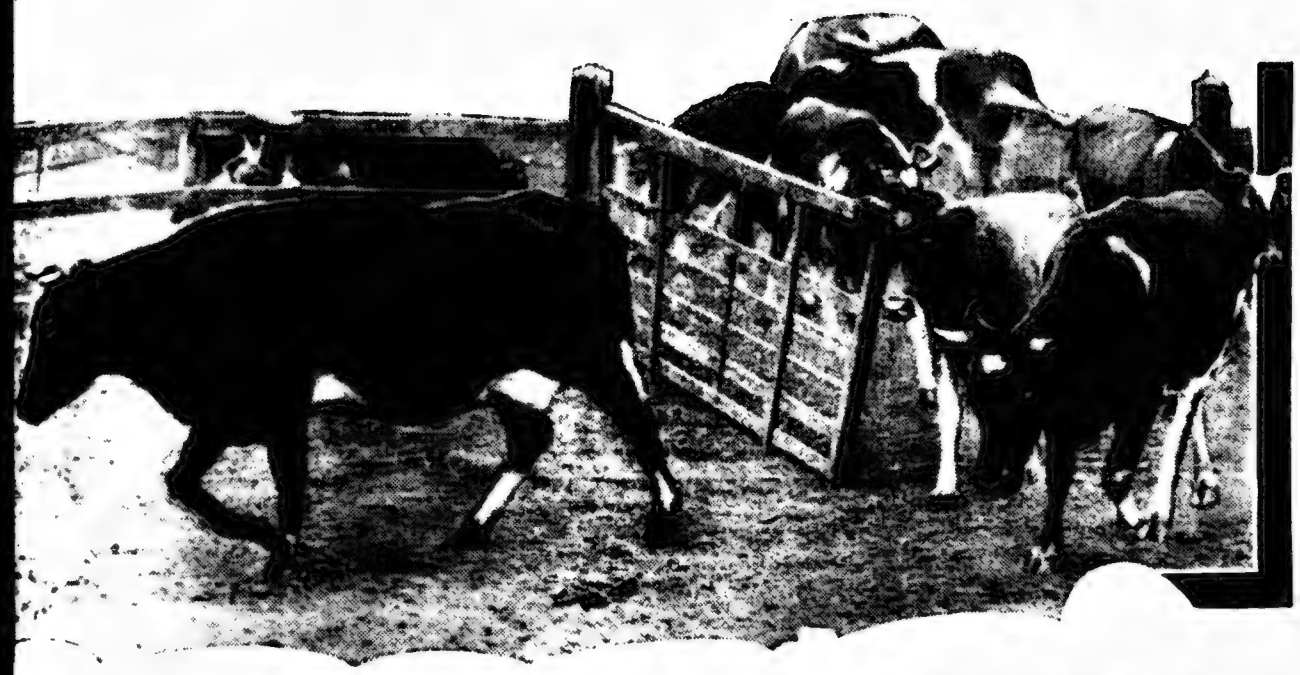
At the same time it is no good to have good intentions if we let it go at that. An idea is nothing but an idea until it has been made to work—or until, at any rate, we have done our damnedest to make it work.

A good intention, left at that, never accomplished anything. There is a certain road that is reputed to be paved with good intentions! We can, at any rate, avoid travelling along it!

But if we do our best, if we give of our best, if we try our hardest and work our hardest, and if, in spite of it all, things go wrong, self-reproach is neither useful nor productive of anything but more misery. No man can do more than his best. If he has really done that, he has nothing with which to reproach himself, no matter what the outcome of his endeavours may be.

But how few of us really do our best—our very best? Hardly any of us. If we did, for once, we should be mightily surprised at what we accomplished!

COWS are VOTING!



Every dairy cow in the land has a vote in the great milk ballot this week. But the millions of consumers, although paying ever dearer prices, have no say in the matter at all.

oard can advance is that it has succeeded not only in increasing production, ut in so controlling the market in spite f that increase that it has found a uyer for every gallon of milk that can e produced in Britain to-day.

It is true that buyers, particularly in e manufacturing market, have been btained only *at a price* and that price, e producers allege, is a ruinous one. that is so, it is then difficult to understand how it is that in almost every art of the country the price of dairy ows has lately increased.

Tribute must also honestly be paid to e Board for other achievements. In ddition to stabilising the market and nding buyers for all the milk produced, has also freed the farmers from the ugbear of bad debts and has prevented e milk sold for manufacturing purses at low prices from undermining e more profitable liquid market.

For the children

By a national publicity campaign the oard has also unquestionably greatly ncouraged the consumption of milk, but s best success in this direction has been decision, taken at the behest of the -operative movement, to provide three illion schoolchildren with one-third of pint of milk daily at one half the dinary price.

A rapid improvement in the quality of e milk supplied to the public has also ken place under the Board's scheme. a few months, encouraged by a conssion of an extra penny per gallon tained by a levy of one-eighth of a nny per gallon on all other producers, n thousand farmers have been perded to supply only Grade A milk. r twelve years previously there had en not more than 740 Grade A procers in the whole country.

The classes of producers who have been hardest hit by the Board's activities are those who are also retailers and those whose farms are near large centres of population. The former class of producer-retailers have certainly not so far got the concessions to which they are entitled and the latter, who had a rich and easy market at their door, have had to sacrifice some of their profits to compensate the producers in more rural areas who previously had no market at all and had only the choice of either throwing away their milk or disposing of it to the factory at absurdly low prices.

That is the case for and against the Milk Board and that is the issue upon which the farmers and the three million cows are voting this week. There is no place for the public, the buyers of milk, anywhere in the Board's scheme of things or in the ballot. The consumers, as the scheme stands, must just pay the price ordained and they have neither voice nor vote.

Yet the fundamental fact is that it is the present unnecessarily high retail price that is keeping so much milk out of consumption and causing it to be sent to the factories at a price which, even with a Government subsidy, brings no profit to the producers.

In one year of the Board's control the public has been required to pay more than £3,000,000 extra for the same quantity of milk and in the next twelve months it will have to pay more.

Greatest riddle

The Board denies that it is responsible. It points to the distributors. Here is the greatest of all mysteries of present-day food prices. No one is trying to elucidate it.

On an average all the year round the farmer delivers his milk to the distributors for 1s. 3d. per gallon, although in the end, the farmer, because of the cost of transport and the pooling of the liquid milk with the manufacturing milk, gets only about two-thirds of that figure.

Yet from the distributor to the consumer the price mysteriously rises from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 3d. per gallon, taking the average of summer and winter prices. Why it does so to this extent no one attempts to explain, and the Milk Board says that, as it represents only the producers, it is not within its province to try to explain.

By the process of fixing prices under statutory powers it has, indeed, become a criminal offence to sell cheap milk to poor people.

Strange "Crime"

Take a case which has happened in the Birmingham area. There, two of the principal milk distributing agencies, both co-operative societies, finding that they were making huge and unnecessary extra profits, decided to reduce the price of milk to their customers by a halfpenny per quart without altering the price they paid to the producers. The reduction was to come entirely out of their profits as distributors which they considered both unfair to the consumer and harmful to the trade.

Because of the regulations of the Board they were precluded from making those reductions without committing a crime in the eyes of the law. When the other producers in the district were asked to join in a demand to compel a general reduction in the price of milk to the public, they refused to do so.

The public is also being affected not only as direct buyers of milk, but as ratepayers. Most cities and towns will have an increase in rates this year because the local authorities cannot any longer negotiate with the big producers for the supply of milk in bulk at a moderate price to public institutions, health and maternity clinics, hospitals and the like. The producers are still willing to supply the milk at the old rates, but both they and the local councils would be guilty of offences if it were so sold.

The voluntary hospitals are also being heavily hit. The price fixed at which they can obtain milk represents a tax of something like 15 per cent. on one of the most essential foods used in hospitals, which can only be met either by curtailing the work the hospitals do for the poor, limiting the allowance of milk to patients or substituting an inferior for a superior grade of milk. Milk suppliers who have always been willing to give special terms to hospitals in a spirit of good will and benevolence are now forbidden to do so.

Worst of all is the fact that, particularly in industrial and distressed areas, the consumption of cheap milk substitutes has increased greatly since the control of marketing and prices came into force.

Milk dearer

To be fair to the Milk Board it has to be said that it would welcome an enquiry not only into the cost of producing milk, but also into the cost of distributing it so that the results could be placed side by side and the public shown which section of the industry is getting an undue benefit.

And the Board is convinced that an investigation of the most searching kind would reveal that the farmer is not getting a fraction to which he is not entitled and that his return is, in fact, not high enough.

The time has come when the milk distributors should be compelled to come into the open to justify the fact that milk which they obtain on an average at 1s. 3d. per gallon is sold to the public at 2s. 3d. per gallon.

Milk is generally dearer than when the Board came into existence. It will never do for the Milk Board, if it survives the ballot this week, to be used by the distributors to consolidate themselves in a too comfortable position.

It is on the good will of the consumers that the success and continuance of the milk scheme must ultimately depend. At present the consumers have no part or voice in it. Only the farmers and their three million cows have voting powers.

AT IT AGAIN

UNDER the heading of "A Bogus Trade Ambassador" we exposed, some months ago, the activities of a man by the name of Fred Mitchell, of Canadian Community Buyers.

After our disclosures Canadian Community Buyers sank into oblivion. But now Mitchell has cropped up again. He is travelling the North of England as the agent of a new firm—The Selected Trades Exporter, with an address in Oxford Road, Manchester.

Recently Mitchell was in Sheffield and secured orders from manufacturers and wholesale firms for a special trade brochure to be issued by The Selected Trade Exporter and circulated to supposed important buyers all over America.

This is exactly the same kind of spurious overseas trade encouragement scheme which Canadian Community Buyers operated and which was the subject of an official warning to all Chambers of Commerce in Britain.

* * *

Curiously enough—although Mitchell does not appear as a principal—The Selected Trade Exporter employs the same printers in Belfast, who formerly did work for Canadian Community Buyers, and the same firm of solicitors.

A second warning has now been despatched to Chambers of Commerce about The Selected Trades Exporter.

Manufacturers and wholesalers should have nothing whatever to do with this firm, whose trade brochure has no accredited value. Prices varying from £15 to £19 are charged for space in a publication which the Canadian authorities deem to be worthless.

You Have *the* CHANCE *of the* CENTURY

JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to* the new Viceroy *of* India

DEAR LORD LINLITHGOW,—You have been chosen to succeed Lord Willingdon next April as Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

That is at all times a tremendous office. As Viceroy you will be the personal representative of His Majesty the King-Emperor. As Governor-General you will be the head of a Government which holds authority over 300,000,000 human beings.

For dignity and for power alike there is no other political post in the world which can compare with it.

But you become Viceroy at a moment in the history of India when the responsibilities and difficulties of the office are doubled. Because you have not only to govern India but to set her on the way to self-government

I am glad the choice has fallen on you. I had been expecting it for some time, because your work as Chairman of the Joint Select Committee pointed you out as the obvious man for the job.

I happen to know that you were not "just a chairman": but that the first draft of that long and intricate report was your own work, written by your own hand. It was a first-rate piece of work, and shows that you have a good grip of your subject before you go out.

Which—without mentioning names—is more than I can say for some of your predecessors.

* * *

When you land in Bombay next Spring, the big change in Indian government will already be beginning.

By then, if all goes according to schedule, the new Provincial Legislatures should be in existence and the new Provincial Governments formed.

That will be the first big test for everybody concerned. Each province will then have a Cabinet of Indian Ministers, responsible to the Provincial Legislature.

Will that system work? Extremists on both sides keep telling me that it cannot. Some Indians tell me that it will not be allowed to work: that, though the Indian Ministers will nominally have power, they will be kept under the thumbs of the Governors and of British Civil Servants.

Some Englishmen tell me that the Indians themselves will not work it: that Congress (which will get majorities in most Provinces) will just sabotage, break down the whole machinery, and force the Governor to use his "special powers" in order to keep any sort of government in being.

I do not believe them. I am confident that there will be too much commonsense on both sides.

But it depends on that. It depends an awful lot on confidence. The Indians—you know it as well as I do—are suspicious. They are wondering if we really mean to give them a straight deal or a raw deal: if we mean honestly to let them run their own show, or only to pretend to.

In the beginning, because the beginning is in the Provinces, it is going to depend a lot on the Lieut.-Governors and the Governors. But you will be Governor-General, and all India, Governors and Ministers and people, will be looking to you to call the tune.

I feel that the whole future of India may depend on those first months of the new experiment, on whether in those months the Indians—who are all watching a little critically—are brought to believe in the sincerity of the new reforms.

And that depends—tremendously—on you.

Those first months are going to be tremendously important. Because they are not only the beginning of Home Rule in the provinces. They are the preparation for a measure of Home Rule in the government of India itself.

When you first come to Simla you will be an autocrat Your Ministers—still "Members of the Governor-General's Council"—will be your servants—responsible only to you—and through you to the Secretary of State of the British Parliament.

Within a year you will have to transform yourself, in all except the "reserved" questions—from a Dictator into a Constitutional Ruler.

You will have to choose a Prime Minister and—in consultation with him—a Cabinet.

The job of Prime Minister of India is as big a one as your own. A lot depends on your choice.

Rumour has it that you are already thinking of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. The choice must be yours. But if you do choose Sir Tej, I shall heartily approve your choice. I know no Indian fitter for such a post.

But, whoever you choose, the main thing is that you should let India know that the Prime Minister *is* Prime Minister, and that the responsibility for the good government of the country is primarily his.

* * *

That is the great thing: that you should make it clear from the beginning that you mean self-government to be self-government and not just a sham.

There are other things I would urge on you: for example, the cleaning up of all that system of espionage and secret service that is a disgrace to India to-day. It is one thing to fight terrorism: it is quite another to keep in being a system under which every politician, every Civil Servant, every Indian who takes any part at all in public life is continually spied on and reported on to the secret police.

This Indian Secret Service is a disgrace to our Empire. And it should have no place in a democratic self-governing India.

But the main thing, as I say, is that you should play the game with the Indians, that you should see to it that self-government becomes a reality, that you should convince them by deeds and policy, that we mean to keep our promises to them and to make India as rapidly as possible, as much a self-governing country as is Canada or Australia to-day.

If you can do that— and I have a lot of confidence in you—you will do an inestimable service to India and to the Empire, and you will go down to history as one of the great statesmen of the twentieth century.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—The Government is now preparing a Bill to buy out the coal royalty owners. Well, I admire you for doing something that every other administration has shirked.

But there are rumours that some of these wealthy landowners may get millions. Indeed, £70,000,000 has been mentioned as the total purchase price.

That would not be surprising, seeing how generous some of your Ministers have been in distributing subsidies at the public expense.

Hence this note of caution.

Grant the owners fair compensation, certainly. But don't be lavish.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. G. H. DYMOCK,
Fishponds, Bristol

DEAR VICAR,—You are setting out on a month's Fascist mission in a car named the Black Prince, with an escort of Blackshirts and with Fascist slogans round the car.

Evidently you don't read the newspapers. Otherwise you would know how religion is being persecuted in Blackshirt Germany.

JOHN BULL.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN: 'French now call you "terrible young man who wants peace so badly." Wish you could terrorise every statesman! — JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT MORGAN,
Cowbridge, Glamorgan

DEAR MR. MORGAN,—Opera lovers who remember you as a distinguished baritone will regret to hear that you are now working in a butcher's shop in a Welsh village.

But if your protest that "hundreds of talented men are hanging around Leicester Square down and out" stirs the conscience of people who profess to love music and fail to support it, your abandonment of a fine career may bring good to others. Anyway, better luck to you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. MOODY,
Radiolympia

DEAR MR. MOODY,—You have spent twelve months and £50,000 on organising this year's Radio Exhibition, and I hope you will be rewarded by the record attendance of 300,000 people that you expect.

One thing is certain: visitors will see the first-class products of a thriving industry—an industry that does not fear foreign competition.

Long may it prosper!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. PARKER,
Thurnscoe, Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—Though your council is not asking for a subsidy, the Ministry of Health is trying to stop it from building the bigger homes, or houses with bigger gardens, that you think necessary.

Evidently Whitehall thinks you should build only one-baby houses. Why not tell Whitehall to mind its own business?

JOHN BULL.

Deemster COWLEY,
Ramsey, Isle of Man

DEAR DEEMSTER,—"It is terrible" is your comment on the fact that Manx fishermen get an average wage of only eight shillings a week, and you are right.

Unfortunately, the plight of fisherfolk on the mainland is nearly as bad, though the public hears little of their troubles.

Not before time is the Government's resolve to seek a remedy.

JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR AND CORPORATION,
Bridlington

GENTLEMEN,—You are starting classes for beauty culture on the Spa Promenade to encourage people to get full benefit of the sea air.

That's an admirable idea. But will the attraction really be the sea air or the beauty parade?

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Rheumatism is still the biggest drain on industry.

Yet the latest figures available show that in some of the chief groups of rheumatic disease the British spas can cure or greatly relieve 97 per cent. of cases.

Why shouldn't insured sufferers be given this treatment more often than they are?

JOHN BULL.

Major FETHERSTON GODLEY,
Chairman, British Legion

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—There were headlines about "Legion critics" after a recent conference. Well, I suppose every healthy body has its little discords.

I am content to judge the Legion on last year's record—including more than £300,000 spent on relief; apprenticeships or special treatment for six hundred war orphans, and jobs found for 45,617 ex-Service men and 2,646 needy dependents.

Carry on the good work!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN HADEN BADLEY,
Petersfield, Hampshire

DEAR SIR,—In your opinion, post-war children have little respect for age and authority as such, but immense respect for advice and opinions which they feel are helpful and wise because they come from experience.

I think that's true. And it explains why modern youngsters are criticised by people who are not only old, but stupid.

JOHN BULL.

Inspector W. EDWARDS,
Wolverhampton Fire Brigade

DEAR INSPECTOR,—You declare that the modern fireman has to know something of hydraulics, chemistry, electricity, building construction, explosives and poisonous gases.

And also to know how to make both ends meet on disgracefully low wages!

JOHN BULL.

P.M.G.: Vastly increased telegraph business is handled as overtime by overworked staff. Why not share it with suitable unemployed?—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH TREASURER,
Manchester

DEAR SIR,—You must be wishing there were many more citizens in the city like "A. G.," who has sent you £50 in repayment of the relief money he obtained three years ago.

I'm glad he has evidently arrived at better times, and I am sure you share my admiration for his public-spirited gesture.

JOHN BULL.

The UNEMPLOYED,
Willington Quay, Northumberland

DEAR PEOPLE,—Congratulations on your progress at engineering and car driving in your welfare centre, where you get free lessons on your own 'bus. I hope there will soon be a job for every one of you.

But don't take the 'bus on the roads. It could hardly increase your chances!

JOHN BULL.

Oh, for a JESSOP!

by A. G. GARDINER

"We want the spirit of Jessop to inspire our grand old game again"

THE curtain will be rung up at the Oval on Saturday morning on the last of the Test matches between England and South Africa. By Tuesday night we shall know the best and the worst.

As things stand, South Africa are in clover. Even if they lose the game they cannot lose the rubber, while England cannot win the rubber even if they win the game. And in either event South Africa will retain the "junior Ashes" of which they are already the holders.

That is a very comfortable position for our visitors to be in. They deserve it. Their tour has been a triumph of good cricket and good sportsmanship. Wade and his gallant comrades have won the only Test match that has been finished, have drawn the other three, and have made hay of the English counties.

Without a blot

If they stave off defeat at the Oval they may be expected to get through their programme without a serious blot on their copybook

And if the weather does not play tricks with the wicket they will probably stave off defeat. They will play for a draw. England cannot play for a draw. England must have victory or the rubber is lost.

The teams are in the position of boxers, one of whom is winning on points and has only to stay the course, the other must get in a knock-out blow or lose the verdict.

At all costs Wyatt must play to force a finish. Nothing but victory will serve. A draw will be as fatal as defeat, and he must risk the latter in order to avoid the former. "All out for a finish" must be his battle-cry.

It is a situation which will show whether there is a punch left in English cricket. It is that quality which, temporarily at all events, has gone out of the English game. We have struck a bad patch and suffered a succession of humiliations that have put English cricket back in the third form, as it were.

Last season the Australians made our men look like teams of schoolboys. Who that was present cares to remember that dismal display against the Australians in the final Test match at the Oval last August? During the winter the West Indians smote our representatives hip and thigh from island to island. And this season the South Africans have routed us at home.

What is the explanation of this collapse? It is partly attributable, I think, to that deplorable quarrel about the so-called "body-line" bowling, which took the zest and sting out of the English attack last season, which was lamentably mishandled by the M.C.C. and which has left behind an atmosphere of bitterness and resentment in the cricket world.

One result of that quarrel has been that England has gone through three series of Test matches without the leadership and inspiration of the most brilliant captain she has had for a generation.

In saying this I do not wish to speak disparagingly of Wyatt. He is a great cricketer, and in the absence of D. R. Jardine the best captain available. But no student of the game, and least of all Wyatt himself, would claim that he is of the same class or stuff as the man who led the English to victory in Australia and was put into cold storage, together with Larwood, the chief instrument of his victory, for doing so. Cricket history has no parallel to this triumphant piece of bluff.

But there are other causes for the parlous state of English cricket. With the practical disappearance of Larwood, all the terror has gone out of the attack. There is rarely more than one really great fast bowler in the world at a time. To-day there is not one of the Spofforth, Richardson, Barnes, Larwood class anywhere And in English cricket there is hardly one of the second class.

Nor are we much better off in medium and spin bowling. We have no Shaw or Peate or Rhodes or Grimmett.

Lost audacity

Finally, the collapse of English cricket is in great measure due to the palsy that has fallen upon English batting. The audacity, punch, militant spirit has gone out of our batsmen. They have forgotten that the best defence is attack. They go to the wicket in a craven spirit —like lambs to the slaughter. They hum and ha. They scrape about in the block-hole. They save their bats and use their pads.

Even so grand a batsman as Hammond —the only man of this generation fit to rank with the great masters, the Graces, Trumpers, Ranjitsinhjis, Maclarens, Woolleys, Hobbs—has caught the infection, and in catching it has lost much of his thrilling sense of mastery and power.

The growth of this poor-spirited batting is due to two causes — the decline of the amateur element in the game and the deadly pursuit of batting averages. We have lost the great strain of amateur batsmen, the Steeles, Lytteltons, Studds, Jacksons, Frys and Jessops. They will never come back, for the easy-going days when young men from the universities could devote their summers to cricket are over. They have to get to work betimes like the rest of us.

And in leaving the field to the professional they leave cricket blighted by the craze for averages. The amateur could be indifferent to averages. The professional's livelihood depends on them. Hence the craven scraping about in the crease, the beggarly pad play, and the Hopwoods and Watsons doling out runs like misers, from one dreary hour to another

They *can* do it

What we want is the spirit of Jessop to come to evangelise and inspire the grand old game again. Of course, a Jessop appears only once in a generation —even less; perhaps only once in a century. But his fiery, flaming spirit is at the command of many a batsman who, with his eye on his average, pokes and potters about, waiting for a "no-ball" that he can send to the boundary.

Have you noticed how almost invariably a "no-ball" goes to the boundary? That explains what is wrong with cricket. It is not the bowling that is difficult. It is the craven batsman who makes it appear difficult. Let the umpire say "no-ball," and he knows what to do with it.

Go for the bowling and let the averages take care of themselves is the advice I would give to the young professional. The public want sport and the spirit of Jessop and men like Woolley and Hendren have shown that the courage to hit hard and often, to take risks and forget averages, is a profitable policy for the professional as well as for the game.

Nothing but the recovery of this gallant, fighting spirit will revive first-class cricket as a spectacle and get English cricket out of the doldrums into which it has drifted until it has become a thing of derision from Melbourne to Cape Town and from Cape Town to Jamaica.

Let us hope that there will be a breath of the Jessop spirit blowing across the Oval this week-end.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen

MAD dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the mid-day sun,
The latter e'en refusing,
With dignity amusing,
To dress themselves in such a way
As suits the climate for the day.
What could, indeed, be rummer
To foreign optics than the sight
Of men in shirts all stiff and white
In summer?

Mad dogs and Englishmen,
And Yankees, too, for that,
Are sillier than rabbits,
Judged by their heat-wave habits!
With collars tight and hats of felt,
They look as if about to melt.
Though some, perhaps, might care to
Don ducks and solar topees, none,
Since such things Simply Are Not Done,
Would dare to!

To the stay-at-home foreigner, England is a land of eternal fog, where the thermometer never registers more than a few points above zero. And, judging by their summer habits and habiliments, Englishmen share this illusion.

The New Yorker, moreover, is, in this respect, more of a Cockney than the Londoner. This was shown when, during New York's latest heat-wave, the Kiwanis Club started a no-coat and open-collar crusade, and Mr. Frank L. Dorpois, president of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, expressed the utmost horror of the idea.

Arriving home from a holiday on this side of the world, and bearing with him a typically English phrase as one of the spoils of travel, he announced solemnly: "It simply isn't done."

According to Mr. Dorpois, "It is inborn in man to wear his coat when out with a woman." As for the indecency of an open collar—"Not even the Kiwanis," he declared, "would dare do that."

And, judging by observations made during August, when London was transformed into a vast grill room, the number of middle-class, middle-aged Englishmen who would dare do it can almost be counted on the noses of one foot.

Girls may go to work looking as if they are about to enter a competition for bathing belles, but your die-hard Englishman would feel a nudist without his boiled shirt and his hard hat.

With him, keeping his dignity is more important than keeping cool, and he would rather be done to a frazzle than do what is not done.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

"It simply isn't done, you know!" Just get that phrase off pat,
And nobody will dare to contradict;
For what's not done cannot be done—an argument like that
Must clearly leave an innovator licked!

When first an ancient Briton, weary of the sight of woad,
Some pelts acquired and made herself a dress—
"It simply isn't done!" cried those who viewed this latest mode,
And blushed beneath their blue in deep distress.

And even now, a citizen, desiring to keep cool,
Would cause distress if he should innovate;
For doing things that are not done proclaims a man a fool—
Till other fools his folly imitate!

For ever through the ages has the same old cry been heard;
But somehow man to liberty has won—
Thanks to the few who did not care if they should get the bird
For doing Things That Simply Are Not Done!

BUSH RADIO INTRODUCED PEACEFUL TUNING

-a real help to happy listening

says

Christopher Stone

ONLY a year or two ago considerable skill was required to 'tune' a wireless without creating a clatter which sounded rather alarming. If you were careless, your set howled like a Zoo and bumped like a sack of coal. Nervous people thought it would go off with a bang. It never did, of course, but all this noise was a very real nuisance.

We must give Bush the credit for "peaceful tuning"—the refinement which makes their sets so delightful to handle when a foreign station or a change of B.B.C. programme is required.

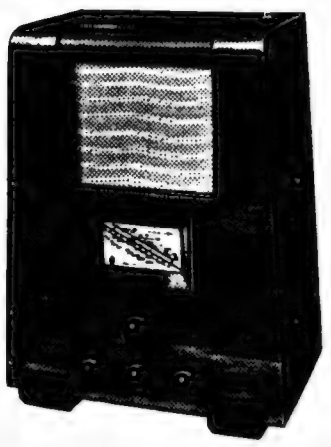
This very ingenious device enables even a novice to bring in the many stations marked on the dial, smoothly and quietly. Music lovers, with sensitive hearing, will experience none of that assault and battery which make old-type radio sets so very trying.

At a first hearing they will appreciate how truly good Bush Radio is. I like to hear my tunes undisturbed even when the tunes are both music and most jolly noise. Yes, I am thinking of my favourite dance band at the moment, but the Bush is equally satisfying with chamber music and symphony concerts.

• • • •

MODEL SAC 21. 4-valve (including rectifier) 6 stage super-het. Escalator dial with Station names. Delayed A.V.C. overcomes the annoyance of fading. "Peaceful tuning"—suppresses background noises and has hitherto been a feature of only the more costly Bush super-hets. *3/6 per week or cash*

11½ GNS



DESIGNED & PRODUCED BY GAUMONT-BRITISH RADIO ENGINEERS

BUSH

Appointed agents arrange terms from 2/6d. a week

Bush super-hets from £9.9.0 are sold only by appointed dealers on whom we know you can depend for reliable advice and service.

If you do not know the name of your local Bush dealer please write to Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. JB57, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

Radio Exhibition, Olympia, August 14-24 Stand 85.

A Bloodsucker's VICTIM

THIS is the story of a man who, mad with desperation and worry, took his life because he had been reduced to complete penury by a rogue whose operations are at the present moment being very deeply probed by several Scotland Yard officers.

Virtually he was slain by this bloodsucker who bled him dry financially, and his pathetic story sums up the trail of ruin so often left behind by the financial shark.

Until he met the impostor who drove him to suicide the subject of this article was a happy and contented man. But when every penny he possessed had been wrung from him, and he was faced with the fact that he could not pay his current accounts, he decided to die.

His name was Willmot Henry Close, and for some years he had conducted a confectionery and tobacconist's business in London Road, Sevenoaks. Many of his customers, during the last few weeks of his life, noticed that he had grown very thin and appeared to be intensely worried, but had no knowledge of his secret sorrow beyond the brief facts that were contained in a short note he wrote a few moments before his death..

This is all he said:

"If Kirkwood can be found he owes me enough to pay all my debts."

Close committed suicide little more than three weeks ago. The evidence given at the inquest was of a very sad character, for he was well respected in the neighbourhood. The chief witness was Mr. Charles Tye, who is in business at Sevenoaks as a garage proprietor, and who also acts as the honorary chief of the local Fire Brigade.

Mr. Tye told the coroner that a motorist pulled up one day at his garage for some petrol. While the "filling-up" process was being carried out his customer went to Close's shop for some tobacco. Upon his return the motorist was somewhat agitated—a fact which Mr. Tye was not slow to discern.

"I cannot stop," the motorist said while paying for his petrol, "but I wish you would go over there" (indicating Close's shop) "as I believe someone is passing himself. . . ."

Real intention

Mr. Tye went to the shop at once. He found Close lying with his head in the gas oven. He tried artificial respiration, but it was too late. Close was dead.

Enquiry revealed that he had previously taken poison, so there was no doubt he had intended to end his life.

Close, who was unmarried, had for some time been very friendly with a man named Frederick John William Kirkwood who, owing to the luxurious manner in which he lived in an old-world mansion at Ditton, near by, was regarded generally as a millionaire.

Kirkwood, who has already been exposed in these columns, is a rogue whose victims include unsophisticated people and shrewd business men alike.

Close was merely one of his many victims. Kirkwood told him that he controlled numerous businesses throughout the country, and if he invested money with him he would win prosperity in a very short space of time.

Every penny he possessed was handed over, from time to time, by Close to Kirkwood. Like so many others, Close believed in him to the last. Even when he discovered one day that Kirkwood had disappeared from the district, and that detectives were making urgent inquiries about him, he still had faith. Then, gradually, the news leaked out that various people had parted with money to the missing "millionaire," and that he was thousands of pounds in debt. As the days passed into weeks Close's demeanour changed. He grew reserved and had long fits of depression.

In the end his telephone was cut off, and his business became impaired. His financial difficulties got worse, his electricity service was stopped, and men from the local water board came to cut off his water supply. On top of this he received a three-days' notice informing him that the gas was being cut off if he did not pay the bill.

He could not pay it, and within a few hours of his death a man actually arrived to take away the meter!

Kirkwood ruined him—told him lying stories of the type he has told people in all parts of the land who have suffered huge losses at his hands. But for Kirkwood, self-styled estate agent, auctioneer and financier, Close would be alive and prosperous to-day.

Investigations we have made enable us to say that Kirkwood, who is now in hiding somewhere, has left a trail of ruin everywhere. Some of his victims are actually starving through his mean and despicable frauds.

He prevailed upon a trusting bank manager in one instance to allow him a large overdraft. The documents he lodged as security appeared, on the surface, to be thoroughly genuine. Actually, they did not belong to Kirkwood at all, and, as a result of the latter's duplicity, the bank manager was severely castigated by his superiors and almost lost his job.

One of his victims was milked of nearly £30,000 by Kirkwood, who, during his sojourn at Sevenoaks and district, entertained lavishly and gave midnight parties in his extensive grounds which were brilliantly illuminated by thousands of coloured lights.

Some of the men and women he has duped parted only with small sums of money. Small or large sums attracted him in just the same sort of way. Anything was grist to his mill.

Kirkwood, to-day, is the most-wanted man on Scotland Yard's records. For weeks now a score of detectives have been searching for him. Numerous warrants have been issued for his arrest.

Frederick William Kirkwood, the most wanted rogue, who has driven at least one victim to suicide

Wanted

Yet at the time he descended upon Sevenoaks he was actually "wanted" by Chief Inspector Stubbings of the City of London Police for frauds he perpetrated as a newspaper proprietor in the City. He was not known as Kirkwood then, but passed in the name of Pinkham. Big political men—several Members of Parliament, in fact—were among his dupes there. For years he has boasted that his personality was so great that he could catch even the most learned lawyer if he set out to do so!

And though the police are now very anxious to trace him, he has always been remarkably lucky where police officers are concerned. While Chief Inspector Stubbings was looking for him to charge him with his offences in the City of London he was, in another name, pursuing his criminal activities in Scotland, where he similarly duped various people to the extent of tens of thousands of pounds.

Widow duped

By the time his real identity was discovered officially he had bolted, leaving—as he did recently at Sevenoaks—victims who could scarcely believe that he was such a charming but persistent rogue.

One of his worst dupes in Scotland is a widow who paid him several hundreds of pounds for the purpose of becoming manageress of a huge luxury restaurant he was opening.

She, and a host of others, lost absolutely everything when Kirkwood disappeared.

According to information recently received by Scotland Yard, Kirkwood was supposed to have been seen at Aalesund, Norway. We, ourselves, have our doubts about the matter.

In the past it has been a favourite trick of Kirkwood's to pretend that he is living in some remote part, and to circulate false information about his alleged whereabouts when he knows that police enquiries are being made about him.

The Channel Islands have harboured him on more than one occasion when he has temporarily "vanished," and it is more than probable if official watchfulness is maintained there he may soon be found.

A rogue of his type, who has persistently evaded the authorities, and who has caused at least one man to take his life, should be brought to account as early as possible.

BEWARE OF THIS "WIZARD"!

ANOTHER wise man from the East, or maybe the East End, has arrived in the West End and has opened an office in Regent Street.

This "Wizard of the East," as he modestly describes himself, glories in the name of Omar Kahn, and he is prepared to guarantee that his horoscopes are the absolute Astrological truth.

A picture of Omar Kahn, complete with toga, bushy eyebrows and black moustache, adorns his circular letters, and is doubtless intended to convince recipients that Omar is a man to be trusted.

* * *

This Wizard of the East, studying the stars and the planets from his Regent Street office, must have found that business was slack, for readers in many parts of the country have received from him part readings of their horoscopes with a special seven-days' half-price offer.

A whole life reading has been reduced from 40s. to 20s., and a one-year's reading from 10s. to 5s.

For such a paltry sum as five shillings Omar Khan, aided by his "natural prophetic instinct," is prepared to place you on the road to success and happiness.

* * *

To a reader living at Southampton this "Wizard" has sent two pages of typewritten bunk, which includes such gems as "Worry and overwork will quickly upset your system and this must be strenuously avoided if you are to maintain good health."

It is not necessary, of course, to wear a toga or pose as an astrologer to state such an obvious platitude, which could apply to anybody.

To create confidence Omar Kahn then prints cases which he has helped!

There is, for instance, the sad story of Madam W——, who was engaged to be married on five different occasions. Each time, poor dear, she was disappointed at the last moment! Most women would have abandoned hope after five broken engagements, but did Madam W—— lose heart? She did not. Brushing the tears of disappointment away she wrote to Omar Kahn, and he rose nobly to her aid!

He adjusted his toga and foretold her future with remarkable skill. Five unworthy fiancés had disappointed Madam W——, but shortly she would meet two men who would ask for her hand in marriage. Omar proceeded to tell Madam which of the two men would make an excellent husband and warned her against the other.

So Madam W——, thanks to Omar Kahn, married after all and is living happily in prosperity!

* * *

This is typical of the bunk of this blatant humbug, who offers the "Way to Happiness" at half price.

Anybody who sends money to Omar Kahn for his horoscope needs the attention of a mental specialist—not an astrologer!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE & SONS have helped hundreds to make a good living selling Bargain lines in Drapery. Be your own master. Start to-day. Write for Book. Free. Worth Pounds.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

CROCKERY. 120 assid. articles 10/-. Dinner sets Free. 48 cups, scrs. 4/-. Glass & H'ware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FOX BROS. for Smallwares, Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc. Keen W'sale Price List Free. Dept. J., 36, Thomas St., M'chester, 4.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Easy terms for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Cat. free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in Clubs! The "Exit" Club is different At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission and postage. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send P.C. NOW for newly issued catalogue. GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dept. 29), 29, ALTRINCHAM STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB. AGENTS WANTED. Free gift every agent. Highest commission. Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. No outlay. 200-p. Art Catlg. & Full particulars.—Luton & Co (Desk 33), Wortley, Leeds, 12

AGENTS WANTED. LARGEST COMMISSION. All Leading Chocolate Manufacturers' Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, Jewellery, Utility Lines, etc., ALSO MOTOR CAR TO BE GIVEN AWAY. Write to-day for Beautiful Catalogue.—DENNIS & CO., DEPT. 186, COLNE, LANCASHIRE.

XMAS CLUBS.—No risk. No outlay. SPLENDID COMMISSION. Highest quality goods. Lovely FREE XMAS PRESENT every Agent. Jubilee Gift NOW to every applicant. Fine Art Catalogue and terms post free. — MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Dept. 43, SHIPLEY.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs.—good Terms—Cash Commission. Write for beautiful 200-page Catalogue.—MATHERS, Club Suppliers (Dept. 50), Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

HIGHEST COMMISSION. Xmas Club Agents. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigarettes, Free Gifts. Huge Catalogue.—GOULD, Hartley Hill, LEEDS.

FREE to you NOW.—Rayon Silk Handkerchiefs and handsome Free Gift value 2/6, to gether with new Super Xmas Club Catalogue of 700 magnificent lines in Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. Biggest cash commissions. Finest value and service in the trade.—Write now to HORFBRANDS, 12, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD. Est. 1920.

AMAZING Free Gift Offer all enquirers for Watson's Xmas Club. Highest poss. comm., super value goods, mag. range Free Gifts. Send now for 200-p. Art Catalogue. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc.—WATSON'S (A), LTD., 137, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUBS! SPARE-TIME AGENTS WTD. for Oldest, Largest & Best Club. Write for Giant Art. Catlg. & full partics. No outlay. Excellent comm. Free Gift to all Applicants. —SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., Burton Rd., LEEDS.

ACTIVE AGENTS wanted to sell PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. No outlay. Free Sample Book. A real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with cards of AMAZING VARIETY, ABOUNDING IN NOVELTIES. Highest Commission. Valuable Prizes.—DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

PRIVATE XMAS CARDS.—FAMOUS "MISTLETOE SERIES" Agents (either sex): finest series ever produced; biggest comm., also prizes; book free.—OWEN'S, 10, Chapel St., Bradford.

CLUB AGENTS. Big Comm. and Prizes for spare-time work. Also free gift every agent. Send for 200-page Xmas Cat. of Chocs., Jewellery, Glass, Fancy Goods, Drapery & Toys. Honest value for customers. No limit to your earnings. F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

XMAS CARD AGENTS required for world-renowned "SNOWBALL" series. Most fascinating & gigantic collection ever published Volume of over 60 cards supplied free. Also sensational bargains in loose cards Enrol now. No outlay. Minster Fine Art Assn. Ltd., Dept. 91, Preston.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Chocolates, Fancy Goods. Highest Commissions. Catalogues Free. —Stott's (J.B.), 93, Brunswick Rd., Liverpool, 6.

AGENTS wanted to sell the CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards and Calendars. No risk or outlay. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. Magnificent Sample Book of Copyright Designs sent free. Highest Commissions. Best Prizes. — Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

ENTERPRISING Agents.—You must have the "Imperial Art" Sample Book of Private Xmas Cards & Calendars if you want success. Acknowledged to be the Book of the year. Sent Free on Application to genuinely interested persons. Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 53, Lancaster.

AGENCY. — PART-TIME offered to reliable persons for all classes of Clothing and Household Goods. For terms apply: COMPLETE OUTFITTER, Ltd., 8, Union Yard, BRADFORD.

A BEAUTIFUL FREE BOOK. Special Jubilee Year Issue of the FAMOUS "VICTORIA" Series Private Xmas Cards. Published by Britain's Largest and Oldest Manufacturers. Very big range, including wonderful Porcelain Calendars, Amusing Mechanical Toy & other Novelties. Unbeatable comm. and costliest Prizes. Book free. Car. paid.—JONES, WILLIAMS & CO., Dept. 203, Victoria Works, PRESTON.

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RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

A BAD PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARD BOOK annoys your customers! Agents wanted. The LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURERS offer FREE OF CHARGE and CARRIAGE PAID their WORLD-FAMED ORIENT Sample Book of copyright Greeting Cards: CALENDARS and Novelties, YEARS AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION. Contains UNIQUE and CHARMING CALENDARS. SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT WALL CALENDAR; METAL DESIGNS; DELIGHTFUL ANIMAL STUDIES; BOOKMARK; BLOTTER BOOK; POCKET DIARY; RELIGIOUS DESIGNS, etc. Finest collection of GREETING CARDS ever published in a Private Card Book. Will bring orders where all others fail. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES FOR ALL.—Dept. 15, Hamiltons, Orient Works, Blackburn.

BEFORE DECIDING on YOUR Private Xmas Card Book, SEE THE "CITY" BROCHURE, which explains our fascinating book of exceptional designs, and our high profit-making commission and terms. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING. A postcard will bring you this interesting Brochure.—Write to Dept. 5, Private Christmas Card Manufacturing Co., New City Works, St. Simon Street, Manchester, 3.

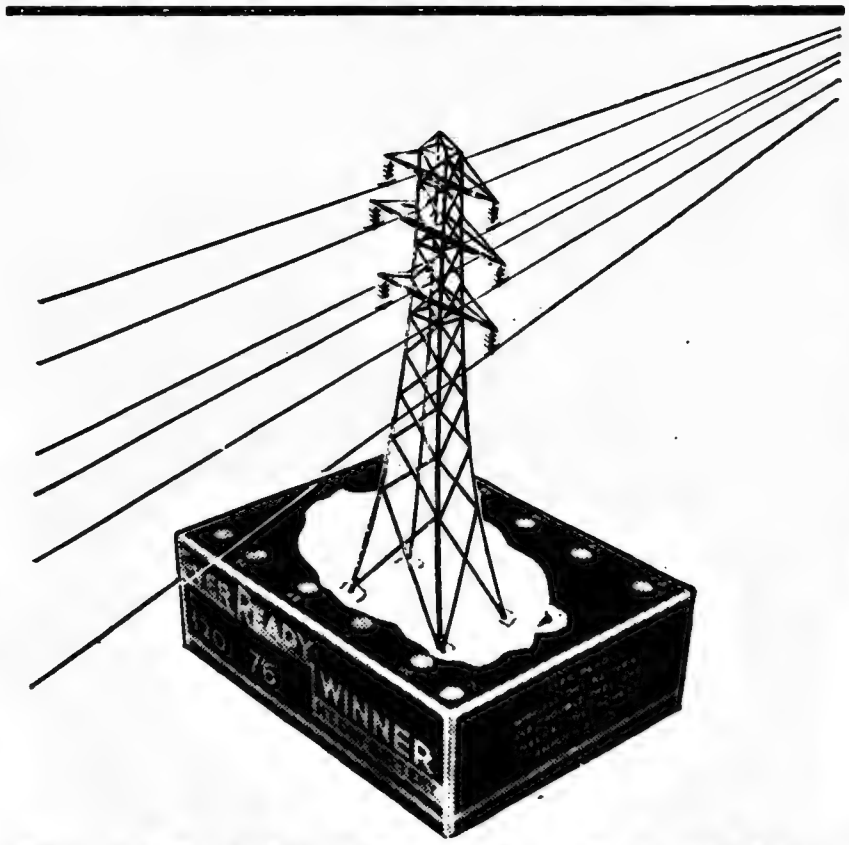
TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR-ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT. 38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

AIR FORCE.—Young Men will be wanted as engineers, clerks, etc. Our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free. — Dept. 38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required). Commencing £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE. G.P.O., Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required; open examination; vacancies regularly available; ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with personal advice free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive Careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 891), 29, Oxford Stret, London, W.1.



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The firm that made radio possible for more than a million homes—that was Ever Ready. Now more than 30 years advanced — *naturally* every set is a better set with . . . .

EVER READY
Regd. Trade Mark

RADIO BATTERIES

Ask for the Ever Ready 'WINNER' 120 volts, 7/6 or 'RADIO' 120 volts, 6/-

MADE BY THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

A BOLSOMS CLUB means best service, biggest bargains and salaried members. £2 cash comm. and bonuses. Send for Catalogue, etc., FREE. — Bolsoms, Dept. J.B.4, Glasgow Terrace, London, S.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HAND-BOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1935 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men Physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free or advice about other careers—Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catlgs., schedules, Magazines, Price Lists, Dup. Books, Business Stationery, etc. Sample 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6. Handbills, Scentcards, Football Doubles, Samps.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

RUG WOOL SALE.—5½ lb. Knitting or Crochet 12d. oz. 1/- Rug Book 900 Subjects, Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

EVERY HOUSEWIFE should get the Indoor Clothes Line advertised in its "Shop Window"—page 2. Does away with untidy lines, yet ready in an instant. This useful novelty costs only 2/- and is complete with screws and hooks for easy fixing. Look for the advertisement of Regent Products.

RHINO SOLE simplifies boot repairing, does the job in half the time. Read all about it in the advertisement on page 3. Sold and obtain it at Woolworth's, etc.

A GOOD TELESCOPE is always handy. You can now obtain an "Aircraft Spotter" for 6d. deposit and pay the balance in four monthly instalments. Read the full offer on page 3.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made baby clothes outfit. Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever. Complete layette at 20/- or Superior set at 42/-, including best flannel and 12/6 qual. shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on approval. MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

RELIABILITY of BUSH Superhet Radio is renowned. They can be obtained from 2/6 a week, and can be seen and heard at your local Bush dealer. If you don't know his name, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 57, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. See p. 33.

FREE.—CURRY'S 1936 Radio Folder. The latest and splendidly produced guide of the best in the new season's radio and details of Curry's personal purchase plan on easy payment system, can be secured by reader on receipt of the coupon in the advt. on p. 30. Fill in your name and address now.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Electric Wireless (1930), Ltd., Gt., West Road, Feltham, Middlesex, for free descriptive details of the all-electric radiogram and battery model advertised on p. 33.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE. JB

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Scientific Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ARE you suffering from a Cold or Influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's Secret, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.; send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rayne (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A FREE trial of Magic Pile Cure is offered on p. 29 to readers who suffer from this complaint. Turn to this now.

FREE.—Sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Hay Fever, etc., should fill in the coupon on p. 31 for a copy of a remarkable book which explains how Dr. Hair made his wonderful health-restoring discovery. Everyone suffering from these maladies should send the coupon for this book. It's absolutely free. Cut out coupon and post now!

FREE.—Send a postcard to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 281A), Manchester, 10, for a free book on the home treatment of skin infections, written by a skin expert and packed with pictures and valuable advice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing bills and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED—an inexpensive pair of Binoculars for holidays, sports, theatre, etc. A special offer of Continental Binoculars appears in this week's "Shop Window" on page 3. See advertisement of Wm. Penn.

NAIL BITING! A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

IF you would like to know how your skin can obtain a greater beauty and a fresher bloom, turn to the PEARS announcement on p. 23. "Matchless for the Complexion." Pears costs only 4½d. for a large, long-lasting cake and it's economical, too!

HAVE you ever tried LIBBY'S Cooked Corned Beef? How appetising and satisfying! Ready cooked, ready to serve, it is handiest for a quick cold meal and pies, puddings and tasty meat pasties, too. See p. 22.

FREE to sufferers from greasy skins and bad complexions. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to F. Helen Marion, 204, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1, enclosing 1½d. stamp and get in return free sample of STAYMAT Face Powder. State shade.

FREE.—Write to Rowntree and Co., Ltd., Dept. R.Z.8, The Cocoa Works, York, for a free Gift Booklet of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Table Jellies (Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count). Be certain to send for your free copy right away. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 23.

WRITE to Dept. 67/65, Euthymol, 50, Fleet Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which keeps teeth clean and kills decay germs.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live Your Teeth," which readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free without obligation. See p. 35.

THE SPANIARD who SPOOFED TORQUAY

Ralph Lynn crowns Miss Spain as Miss Europe—the result was a foregone conclusion

Big Beauty Contest Hoax

THE International Beauty Competition, the purpose of which was to discover the most beautiful woman in Europe, is over.

Everybody has read about it. But it will not be easily forgotten in Torquay—where it was held.

This great and ambitious social event of the summer season—at any rate, as far as the English "Riviera" is concerned—will naturally figure as one that has been most picturesque and eventful in the lives of the large number of girls and women of all nations who participated in it.

One week, during which fifteen selected *debutantes* in the court of fame and fortune were feasted and toasted by the townsfolk of Torquay, will remain for ever a treasured memory in the minds of thousands of beautiful young women who dreamed that they might be crowned "Miss Europe."

Who paid

Alas!—for the vanished hopes of the majority

For that one week they were entertained and festooned at international balls and carnivals, at afternoon teas and festivals; and all at the expense of the ratepayers of that most popular Devonshire resort, Torquay!

The competition was arranged between the Corporation of Torquay, on one hand, and the Comité Internationale des Jurys Beaute de Europeens on the other.

As we shall show, the people of Torquay—and its visitors—were hoaxed, and the Torquay ratepayers will have to pay the piper!

For the Borough of Torquay has got to foot the bill for the whole affair.

From investigations we have made on the spot we can say that it will be a long time before such a spectacular advertising scheme will again be so speedily embarked upon in Torquay.

The most optimistic citizen, and the most urgently pressed tradesman will say that no real benefit has been derived from the affair at all. From facts we have discovered, we are, quite frankly, not surprised.

That the various young women, from all parts and all countries, who competed for the title of "Miss Europe" at Torquay are both charming and beautiful, none will dispute.

Yet there is every justification for a report made by the Marquess of Donegall, who was the appointed British representative, that they really were "chattels in a game of intrigue."

Actually, the event proved a bad advertisement for Torquay. At least one councillor has complained that it has concentrated adverse criticism upon the Town Council for having promoted the enterprise.

In fact, in an interview with our representative, one councillor was of the opinion that 80 per cent. of the ratepayers of Torquay were at all times opposed to the idea.

In the beginning, the Town Council of Torquay was approached by a representative of the Comité Internationale des Jurys Beaute de Europeens, and, at a later council meeting, the terms upon which the competition was to be held were arranged.

Acting for the Comité Internationale des Jurys Beaute de Europeens was a man, Signor Luis de Beaza, of Spanish extraction, who did his job extremely well. He not only secured free entertainment and accommodation for fifteen "competing" ladies of various nationalities—and their chaperons—but also their travelling expenses as well.

The Borough of Torquay, too, was induced to meet the travelling and hotel expenses of Monsieur de Waleffe, a well-known French journalist who presides over the destinies of the body mentioned, and, in addition, those of a secretary, a lady hostess, and twelve members of a jury representing the different nations taking part.

The leading hotels in Torquay were thrown open to the visitors. The entertainment facilities were placed at their disposal.

A special coach was provided with every luxury so that the visitors might travel about sight-seeing in perfect comfort. Everything was done perfectly. But let us trace events back a little.

Soon after the original agreement was signed between Signor Luis de Beaza and the Mayor of Torquay, aldermen and burgesses of the town, a competition was organised to take place in London to discover a suitable young woman to represent Great Britain in the final competition.

The ratepayers had to meet the expenses necessary to send a party from Torquay to vie for the title "Miss Britain," and from one hairdressing establishment in the town no fewer than five ladies went hoping to win the honour.

They did so in order to compete with young women from Lancastria, Yorkshire, the Midlands, the West and the South of England, as well as from London itself.

That the title of "Miss Britain" was awarded to a London mannequin is now history. But that the party leaving Torquay were pretty certain that none of them would be chosen is a matter for reflection by those who seriously believe that a beauty competition of this type is all it seems.

None will dispute the right of the London mannequin to the title of "Miss Britain." She was undoubtedly well chosen and thoroughly deserved the title.

But what of the other "competitors"?

Accompanied by chaperons, guarded everywhere, there is little doubt that *the beauty queens of all nations* were glad when the week came to an end.

No "Continental" atmosphere was permitted by the authorities.

The beauties went bathing—they bathed twice—then they were stopped. There were no more bathing scenes. People in Torquay who make a living from bathing and speed-boating sought in vain for the crowds they had hoped would follow the example of the beauty queens from all parts of Europe.

Paid the piper

Puzzled and bewildered citizens, who, as we have already intimated, have to pay the piper, soon began to wonder what all the fuss was about. Pressmen and Press photographers sought interviews and pictures, but found that publicity was being rigorously controlled.

Pictures of "Miss Norway," "Miss Denmark," "Miss France," "Miss Belgium," "Miss Britain," "Miss Czecho-Slovakia," "Miss Hungary," "Miss Italy," "Miss Greece," "Miss Spain," "Miss Russia," "Miss Holland," "Miss Tunis," "Miss Rhenanie," and "Miss Danube" were taken and supplied to the Press with brief accounts of their origin.

But how it came about that these young women were chosen to represent their various nationalities was not explained. Torquay Council knew nothing about it.

Not until after they had embarked on a full programme of entertainment lasting from the 1st July to the 6th did the sponsors of the competition realise the beauties living in luxury at the expense of Torquay were in no way representative of their countries.

Other than that a competition had been held for the purpose of selecting "Miss Britain," there was not a fragment of proof showing that any of the other young ladies had been elected at all.

One of the young women who came over from the Continent went as far as to admit that she had never entered any competition, but had merely received an invitation from the legation in Paris.

The "selection day" came, and the jury assembled to make the great award. The beauties gathered, points were to be awarded for grace, charm of manner, individuality, and beauty in itself.

But there were no bathing scenes. The athletic girls from Norway, Sweden, Denmark and elsewhere were disappointed.

During the days which preceded the final event, we can reveal, the organiser busied himself on behalf of the young woman who represented Spain. Curiously enough, she alone of the bevy of fifteen was followed by a special photographer.

Official Press photographers were forbidden to take pictures of her without the express consent of Signor Luis de Beaza, the organiser.

One cameraman, in fact, who boldly took a photograph without this permission, suffered indignity and insult. He was compelled to stand by while the plates he had exposed were ruthlessly smashed.

Well may the ratepayers of Torquay ask themselves what the Town Council was doing when it arranged such a strange beauty contest.

"Turmoil"

Actually, for hours before the jury assembled to consider its verdict the rumour had gone round that "Miss Spain" was to be "crowned" "Miss Europe," and local Press photographers had received instructions to take pictures of her. The result, in fact, was a foregone conclusion, and "Miss Spain" was elected the most beautiful woman of all.

Though opinions may differ, she cannot be said not to have merited the title. But the conduct that gave rise to the early rumour of her success cast suspicion on the whole business.

Let us go a step further and quote the Marquess of Donegall, who was there in his capacity of both journalist and "British representative."

"When I came out of the judges' room at this contest," he has stated, "there was an awful turmoil going on.

"Various foreigners were waving their arms about and shouting at each other in a language probably only understood by the speaker..

"The sordid scene had a background of weeping, rejected beauties and others, who, if not weeping, looked a picture of hopeless despondency."

So ended a much-heralded event which, un-British and without any particularly recommending feature, was made as British as the Torquay Town Council could make it.

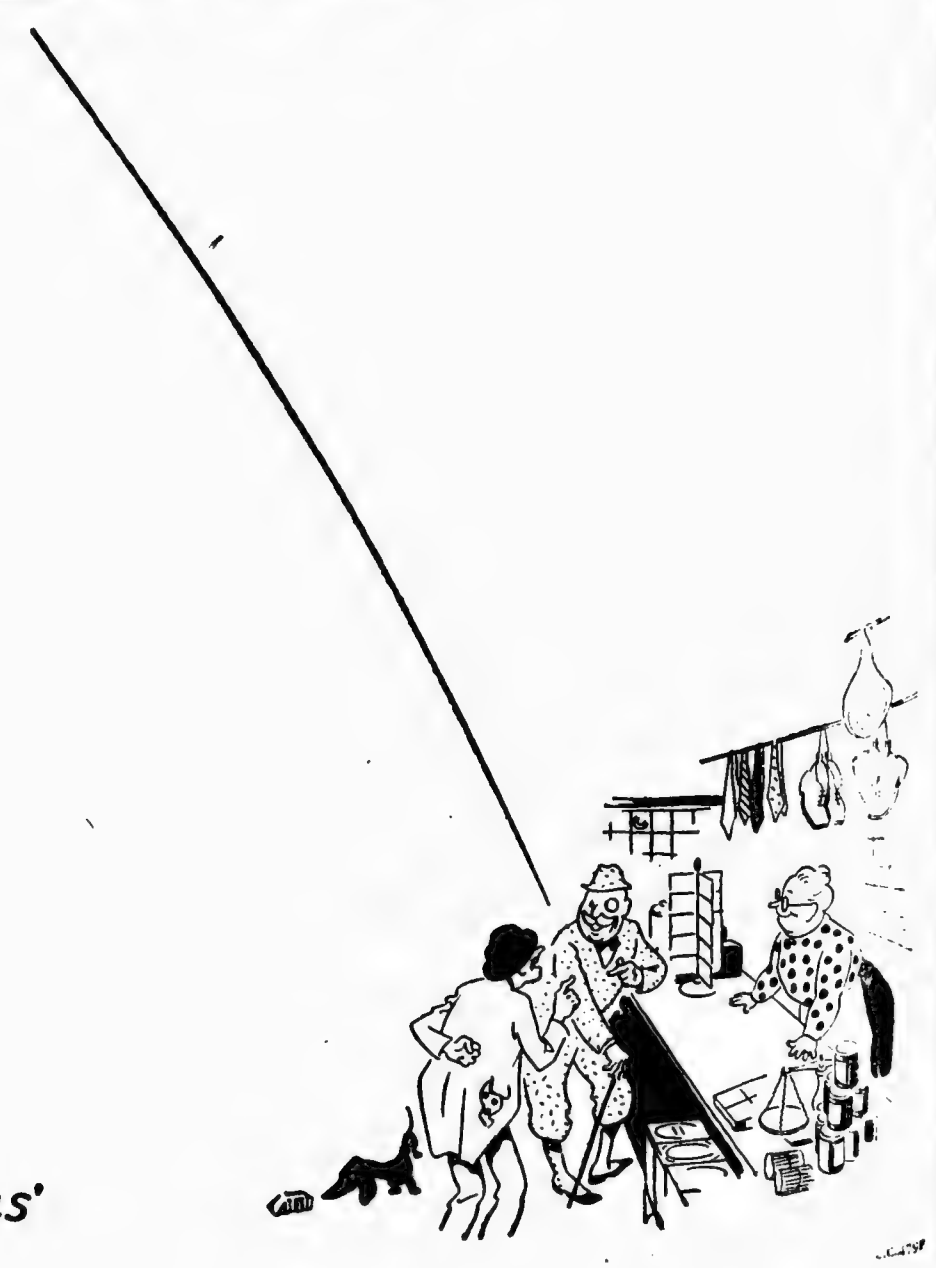
Apart from the gross indignity of the affair, the people of Torquay have got to face the fact that the sum of £1,050 was paid to Signor Luis de Beaza, the organiser, for his services, and that a lot of money besides was allocated for the purpose of celebrating the affair, and to pay for the hotel and travelling expenses of the young women, secretaries, chaperons and others

They can console themselves with the knowledge that, whatever may be their own feelings in the matter, Signor Luis de Beaza, of the Comité Internationale des Jurys Beaute de Europeens, of Paris, is well content.

Wills's CAPSTAN CIGARETTES. 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN,

they're blended better



–as they say at Mrs Wiggins'

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

This man's voice is heard daily by millions of listeners-in—but we cannot number among them many of the people who send to the "Gold Mine Stores" for a wireless set!

Queer Radio Set OFFERS

WIRELESS is almost everybody's hobby or pleasure, and the Radio Exhibition, which opened yesterday at Olympia, lends topical interest to a large number of complaints which have been reaching me for some time concerning a wireless trading firm whose methods obviously call for criticism of the severest kind.

A large number of readers appear to have been attracted by an extensive advertising campaign of a firm called the London East Central Trading Company, of Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, which describes itself as the "Radio Market-Place of the World."

This impudent and foolish claim to be the "Radio Market-Place of the World" is, I find, typical of a concern which, not content with one trading title, also uses the name of the "Gold Mine Stores."

The establishment in Bartholomew Close may have proved a gold mine for its proprietor, Mr. Gerald de Courcy-Taylor, but it has proved to be a sad disappointment to many people in various parts of the country who have sent cash for goods which they have never received.

Before me, as I write, is one of the full-page advertisements of the London East Central Trading Co., which appeared in a popular wireless periodical.

"Service and value"

Under the terms of an impressive advertisement, readers were urged to "Build it with a Gold-Mine Guaranteed Kit." This was priced at £5, but was offered to the public for the knock-out price of 57s. 6d. The offer, too, was accompanied by illustrations of wireless sets which made them appear to be worth at least twelve guineas!

Other bargains were advertised, and great stress was laid on the fact that "Gold Mine" radio was the *symbol of security, service and value.* All of which, of course, appealed to many people who sent cash with their orders.

The experience of a client living at Dorchester is typical of many. Early in June he sent an order to the London East Central Trading Co. for wireless equipment, enclosing the necessary money. He received an acknowledgment, but his repeated enquiries failed to obtain either delivery of the goods or the return of his cash.

Another reader, living at Belfast, was attracted by an advertisement for a three-valve battery set for £2 5s. He sent a cheque as long ago as May last. He was thanked for his order, and informed that it would receive immediate attention. Not having received the wireless kit, my correspondent wrote twice for an explanation.

Both letters were ignored.

Then he sent a registered letter, and eventually got a reply apologising for the delay which was "entirely due to excessive pressure of business."

His order was still receiving "immediate attention," and he was assured of delivery at a very early date. That was in June. And the victim is still waiting, although further letters demanding the return of his cash have been ignored.

Nothing back

Other readers—at Peterborough, Luton, Monmouth and many other towns—have had similar experiences. They all sent cash with their orders, but have never obtained the goods or the return of their cash.

To-day, the letters sent by these unfortunate people to the London East Central Trading Co., of Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, are one by one being returned by the General Post Office marked "Gone Away."

I gather from enquiries made by members of my staff that the "Gold Mine Stores" and the London East Central Trading Co. closed down suddenly a few days ago—and the proprietor, Gerald de Courcy Taylor and members of his staff no longer call for letters. Many clients of this wireless company have lately called with the object of demanding the return of their money. But they have only found locked doors.

One young woman, who was studying for an important examination and had sent money to this firm, was so worried about the loss of her money that she failed in her examination.

Dealing, as I am, with wireless matters, I am anxious to comment on the unusual business methods of another wireless concern.

Recently, advertisements have appeared calling for "radio and television salesmen," and those who have replied have received letters from a firm called Lindsay and Co., Ltd.—so-called employment agents, 29-30, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Donald Lindsay and Co., Ltd., put forward what, I think, is a most remarkable proposition.

In circulars it is explained that a company which has not been formed, but which will be known as North British Television Sales, wants to obtain contracts for the purchase of television sets from the public by offering now a four-valve radio set at the low price of £4 4s. The idea, apparently, is that if a purchaser of a wireless set decided to buy a television set through the company they would be credited with the £4 4s. paid for the wireless set.

Mr. W. Graham, who, representing the unformed and as yet unregistered company, has been lately interviewing applicants at the offices of Messrs. Donald Lindsay and Co., Ltd., in High Holborn, seems quite prepared to appoint almost anybody as representative of his unborn company, about whose prospects he has been most enthusiastic.

But there was one snag.

Each representative must deposit a certain amount of money to "cover" the cost of a demonstration set.

One caller actually asked to see a set; but Mr. W. Graham could not at the moment produce one for inspection!

On subsequent orders representatives were, I understand, to be paid a commission of £1 5s. on each set sold. Why applicants should be asked to deposit £5 on a wireless set to be sold to the public for £4 4s. is not clear.

Fee-snatchers

In my considered opinion, readers will be ill-advised to part with £5 for the privilege of becoming just a representative of this concern.

And with regard to Donald Lindsay and Co., which is offering these jobs, it is interesting to note that Mr. Donald Lindsay was also a director of Percy Coutts and Co., Ltd., a firm of employment agents whose activities have been dealt with in these columns, and whose operations have time and again been exposed in numerous other papers.

Actually, Donald Lindsay's company has a paid up capital of exactly £2, and he boasts of being a career consultant.

I have a very poor opinion of the "careers" offered in this instance—as I hope I have indicated.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Bluff Sympathy

A READER in South Africa has written to tell me of an unpublished incident in the recent record of Admiral Evans, known to the world as Evans of the *Broke*, one of the most distinguished of British Naval officers.

My correspondent says: "The Fleet-Surgeon happened to mention to the Admiral the sad case of a poor bed-ridden boy who was eating his heart out because he could no longer take any part in active life.

"The Admiral promptly went to see the boy and sat with him for a long time relating his own experiences with the Scott Antarctic Expedition as if he were speaking to an equal.

"Not a direct word of pity did he utter for the young patient's plight. He knew better than that with tactful delicacy he drew the sufferer's attention away from himself and his pains and fixed it upon other matters. He joked with him, made him laugh, and thrilled him from head to foot with a feeling of exhilaration and enhanced life.

"When he was going he said to the boy: 'Would you like to have one of my books? I will send you one.' Next day the book arrived bearing the inscription on the flyleaf, 'With kind regards from Bill Evans.'"

My correspondent seems almost surprised by the fact that the man who could behave in this wise, human, brotherly way could be the same man that not long before had marched a force of marines with guns into Bechuanaland to bring to book a fine native chief for flogging a white man who admittedly got no more than he deserved.

* * *

The display of force was unnecessary, and, in the opinion of many persons, rather lent colour to the complaint often made by natives that the black man cannot expect justice when the prestige of the white races is involved.

Yet there is no real inconsistency. The same kind of man that will act in this blunt, uncompromising fashion when he believes a big issue to be at stake can usually be depended upon to do an act of kindness when it is called for. The Admiral Evans type of man will always go straight to the mark; there will be no turning and twisting when he thinks he has a duty to discharge. He may be rough in his methods, but there will be nothing vindictive about them.

On the other hand, many people who are much more sensitive to the evils of life, particularly as these affect themselves, and who are shocked and horrified by cases of suffering and calamity on a wide scale, are often singularly defective when it comes to giving a helping hand.

It is a curious thing, but undeniably true, that some of the most sentimental people on earth are among the cruellest.

There are two kinds of sympathy. There is the sympathy that expresses itself in words, and lets words suffice. The other deals little in words—in fact tends to avoid words that make you feel more sorry for yourself instead of bracing you up—or it may use no words at all—but it is with you all the time in the hour of need.

The latter is the kind that can be depended upon to cure the griefs and heal the wounds of the world.

BAD HOSPITALS:

IN the seven preceding articles JOHN BULL has outlined the main grounds of the public's case against the hospitals.

We have endeavoured to present that case evenly and fairly, for nobody is more conscious than ourselves of the appalling difficulties under which the hospitals labour to-day, and of their miracles of daily accomplishment, despite poverty and an outworn system, in the never-ending battle with disease and death.

But when everything that can be said for the defence has been said there remains a dire picture of muddle and abuses, and grievous tyrannies, callousness and neglect towards patients.

And that picture is the more grim and tragic because the items which go to make it up are in themselves unnecessary and easily avoidable.

All our main criticisms have been given abundant support and confirmation in the huge postbag which JOHN BULL has received and is still receiving from its readers.

These letters have come from patients, from doctors and from hospital workers of every degree and kind.

Some of them we have printed; but in none is there to be found a suggestion that the charges we have made have been overstated or ill-founded.

Our postbag has, in fact, shown us that there is more worry with the hospitals than ever we imagined when we began our investigation.

Waiting ordeal

But it would serve little purpose to pursue specific grievances further, and we are not content to merely belabour so shamefully easy a target as the hospital system. Also, since this is an enquiry and not an exposure we think it desirable to call a halt now, summarise the material we have gathered and state the remedy.

The first of the subjects that we dealt with was the out-patients scandal.

The outstanding evil here is the "ordeal by waiting" to which tens of thousands of that 5,000,000 who use the out-patients' departments each year are subjected.

We showed that gross overcrowding in uncomfortable and nerve-racking surroundings, and long, exhausting waits, sometimes extending to a whole day, provide a standard feature at more than 50 per cent. of the country's hospitals.

The actual experiences of our readers, representing a fair cross-section of the population who use the hospitals' out-patients' departments, and given by JOHN BULL in their own words, are a sufficient commentary on the hotch-potch healing methods which some hospitals consider a good enough machinery for dealing with the sick poor.

Days wasted

The remedy here is plain enough.

Every hospital should have an "appointments system" for all out-patients, framed to suit the demands made upon its department, the numbers of its consultant staff and the amount of space available.

Under this system every patient knows exactly when to present himself and the specialist knows how many patients he has to see on any given day.

There is no need for the patient to give up a whole day to reach the doctor, and when he does see him he has the benefit of an unhurried, unscamped examination.

The mere fact of the installation of such a system also means that a hospital is compelled to notice the adequacy or otherwise of the numbers of its consultant staff.

Poor consolation

At present few hospitals bother and most are heavily deficient in honorary staff.

That suits a small section of the profession who would like to see these posts kept few in number and a tight little preserve.

A hospital consultant position is usually a passport to the best end of Harley Street and medical fortune, and, very humanly, there are many who want to see numbers kept as low as possible.

But that is little consolation to the poor patient who is jammed with scores of fellow-sufferers in a hospital waiting-room, and who, after hanging on for hours, is told perhaps: "The doctor can see no more to-day. Come to-morrow—or next week."

The appointments system works successfully in the hospitals of America and Germany and has there solved most out-patient problems and grievances. But of the thousand hospitals of this country those which have the system working can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

The introduction of method into the arrangements whereby out-patients see a specialist inevitably implies a better organisation for handling them on the way to the consulting room.

So, secondly, *every hospital should have a ruthless overhaul of the numbers and efficiency of the various departments through which patients pass before and after seeing the doctor.*

Clumsy

At hundreds of hospitals there are as many as six or seven "jumps" which the patient must negotiate between his arrival and departure. Long, wearisome hours are spent in queues in front of the registry, almoner's, after-care, the bottle sales, dispensary and the sub-departments which determine his medical and economic suitability for treatment.

Many of these sections are understaffed and their machinery for passing patients through is clumsy and antiquated. In most hospitals the total number can be cut down to two or three, by compressing several stages into one; and with modern methods still more time would be saved.

No patient should need to spend more than one hour in a hospital outside of the time spent in medical examination. At present the average all over the country is nearer five.

The second subject dealt with in JOHN BULL's series was the grievances of the in-patient—bad food, tyrannical routine, neglect of simple human needs and harsh handling of sick patients—all of them matters which we discussed in much detail and which also received ample confirmation from readers' actual experiences.

These evils are as easy of remedy as the grievances of the out-patients and the remedies can be stated even more simply.

(1) *Every hospital must have an adequate kitchen staff and a ward organisation for distributing food to patients speedily and whilst it is still warm.*

The food selection and preparation should be under the supervision of a properly trained dietetic expert, and invalid patients should be given a choice of dishes within a reasonable range and subject to the medical orders concerning each patient.

It seems incredible that in the year 1935, and in organisations dealing exclusively with sick people, that such simple and obvious suggestions should have to be made, but our enquiry has shown they are necessary.

Scarcely a tenth of the hospitals of the country are run on such food lines.

With regard to routine, every hospital should have:

(1) *Recovery wards for patients who have just left the operating table.*

(2) *"Bad case" rooms or wards for the dying, those in the throes of delirium and those whose lack of resistance to pain is distressing to other patients.*

No chaos there

In addition, the callous and needless hospital rule of awakening sick patients for washing at unearthly small hours, between 3 a.m. and 4 a.m., must be abolished everywhere. A few hospitals have succeeded in making the "sick-bed reveille" 7 a.m., without running their organisation into chaos. *All must follow this humane example.*

But most of the grievances of patients with regard to hospital routine are bound up, as we showed, with the nursing problem. The majority of hospitals are grossly understaffed and so nurses are sadly overworked and patients neglected.

They are understaffed because the present general conditions for nurses—pay, hours of work and living conditions—are simply not attractive enough to secure sufficient recruits from the ranks of modern young women. Remedy those conditions for nurses, and you remedy many of the grievances of routine.

A few hospitals have made a start. Charing Cross Hospital and West-

JOHN BULL'S CURE

We are all familiar with the hordes of students who descend on the streets rattling collection boxes—a form of State aid would end this spectacle and give patients and staff a square deal

minster Hospital in London have given a lead to all the backward "voluntaries" by building beautiful and comfortable nurses' homes, reducing hours of work and recasting rules so that their nurses are treated as educated, responsible grown-up young women.

In half the hospitals of England 60 hours and more a week is the normal round for nurses, and it is hard work all the time. Leisure is scanty, grudgingly given, and during the probationary period is often absorbed in compulsory lectures which form part of the nurse's training. In addition to that, the living quarters for the nurses are often any old collection of rooms and antiquated in amenities like heating and light. A room to herself is a rare concession for a nurse to win at many hospitals, and of most of the accommodation it can be said that if it were offered anywhere outside of the hospitals' service it would be refused.

The unattractive conditions of the service, besides repelling possible recruits, also drives away many nurses who have entered hospitals and become trained. The first ambition of a great number of nurses is to get out of the hospitals as soon as they can. They try to get posts in private nursing, and in special work for the various State departments where the pay is better, hours are fewer and there is greater personal freedom.

They are tired of treatment and conditions inflicted upon them which date from the worst days of the last century; when hospital authorities took cold advantage of the fact that since a nursing career was the only outlet from home for an educated woman, and since the demand was greater than the available jobs, then these women could be expected to put up with anything. It is time the hospitals woke up to the fact that those days are gone.

And, even as this is being written, the L.C.C. has set an example to other local authorities by making a wholesale cut in nurses' hours of work in the county hospitals, increasing staff, and introducing "orderlies" to carry out the "charing" and other rough work formerly demanded of trained sick nurses.

The new Birmingham Hospitals Centre has also revolutionary changes in prospect for the accommodation and treatment of patients and staff. Its secretary, Captain J. E. Stone, recently produced an edition of his monumental text-book, "Hospital Organisation and Management," wherein many of the criticisms and suggestions made by John Bull for hospital improvement are expertly confirmed.

Birmingham will be lucky if its new centre practises what this book preaches.

There is not the slightest reason why these changes carried out by the few hospitals and areas mentioned cannot be made nation-wide. But it is almost hopeless to expect that hospitals in general will make these forward moves on their own initiative. They must be compelled to do so by active and persistent public pressure.

Constant begging

A beginning can be made here by the organisers of "penny in the pound" schemes and similar voluntary health services on which some hospitals now rely for large donations and additions to their income. These societies can readily bring pressure to bear on "bad" hospitals by welcoming and investigating outpatients' and in-patients' grievances at these particular hospitals and then making demands for improvement on the boards of management.

But such methods are only a beginning and will be limited in success. What John Bull wants to see is something more far-reaching.

Fundamental changes are necessary in the whole system before we can claim to be in touching distance of the ideal hospital.

First of all, the financial question must be properly tackled, chiefly because this is the eternal excuse of all backward hospital boards for failure to remove the many scandalous grievances with which their institutions are riddled.

John Bull has bluntly shown how hollow is this excuse in connection with many of the abuses. But, nevertheless, it is an impenetrable defence and it must be struck away.

Every town in the country which possesses a hospital with a teaching centre is familiar with the hordes of medical students who descend on its streets several times a year, rattling collection boxes under the noses of passers-by.

We are all familiar with the perpetual begging by poster and scores of other "cap in hand" expedients resorted to by hospitals continually in need of funds.

It is a spectacle which no other country can produce, and it is a shameful spectacle. A form of State aid would end it—and remove at the same time any excuse (true or not) which a hospital might have for not giving its patients and staff civilised treatment and a square deal.

We want to see some such State aid scheme here as is practised in Australia, where for every £1 the hospitals raise voluntarily another £1 is contributed by the State.

Last year in Britain the hospitals collected about £15,000,000. Similar State aid would have raised this to £30,000,000, and that would keep the hospitals on "easy street."

Forward step

John Bull is aware that there are scores of thousands of people in this country who want complete State control of all hospitals. There are scores of thousands who don't. Here, in such a State-aid scheme, is a workable middle way.

State money would mean that a proper Department would have to be formed, and the Ministry of Health would have to take some active interest in the conduct and functioning of the voluntary hospitals, which at present it ignores. And that would be all to the good. There would be a proper channel for grievances and it would be a step nearer to the co-ordination of all hospital services, voluntary and local authority.

The State would be represented on the boards of management just as it is now on the boards of commercial concerns in which it has invested money. It would have a voice and no more; but that would be a step forward. It would let in some air on many hospital boards which badly need it.

An Englishman's home may be his castle, but an Englishman's hospital is more like a walled-in fortress. Nobody may set foot therein except on sufferance and all suggestions from without, however friendly, are treated as "interference" and resented. State aid would make some breaches in the walls.

Wealthy friends

Side by side with Government representation on management boards, John Bull also wants business men on control committees of *all* hospitals. The many peers and other titled people with which most hospital boards are packed have earned our gratitude for the help they have always rendered.

But their chief reason for being there, apart from the aristocratic tradition of public service, has been their ability to extract donation cheques from wealthy friends.

We say it without disrespect to them that from the point of view of business capacity many of them would not be allowed to run a tie shop. And a hospital *is* a business, and a very big and complex one.

To sum up.

State aid which will ensure comfortable finance for the hospitals, State partnership and business direction in the spending of it instead of decorative or antique mismanagement, is the only cure for "What's wrong with the hospitals."

Those are the prime recommendations that emerge from John Bull's enquiry. With those set afoot the particular evils we have dealt with, and the long catalogue of injustices and inhumanities which the public is now associating with the present hospital system will disappear. They cannot dwell in the same house.

Libby's COOKED CORNED BEEF

"Now for an appetizing square meal!"

How satisfying is a dish when made with Libby's CORNED BEEF. Ready cooked, ready to serve, handiest for a quick cold meal, or when served hot in BEEF puddings, pies or tasty BEEF pasties. So economical, too.

In family size tins

Sold by all Grocers and Stores

LCB51.

Weary feet!

A swift and simple treatment for tired and aching feet! A bowl of warm water with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it. Alkaline water to clear the waste from every pore. Inflammation leaves them, pain and tenderness flow away and comfort comes again. Oh, what a relief!

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

Try the "Pine" sort for your feet

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

DINNER *for* THREE

I AM going to tell this story exactly as it happened, except that I will change the names of those concerned. I don't want to be recognised for reasons that will appear. I have learned my lesson, even if that lesson leaves a certain amount of bitterness or regret.

After all, I have made my bed, as the saying is. I had done what many girls have done—I had married a man much older than myself for professional reasons. I was, and am, a concert artist. I have broadcast, I have been on Covent Garden stage, I have played in most big cities in Britain and on the Continent. Thanks to my old husband.

Yes, it was all due to him. He is a business man, with business correspondents and connections mostly in the East and Near East. It was he who heard my singing and came to offer me a future. He trained my voice, gave me the best masters, introduced me to concert promoters, planned the ladder I was to climb—and married me!

I will not say that our marriage was also a bit of business on his part. He was, and is, genuinely fond of me. I was genuinely fond of him. Did I love him? Well, it is a hard question. Do I love him? That is where my story comes in.

But the man I did love came out of the blue, as it were. I had been singing in London; I know I gave a good performance. Among the bouquets that were sent to my dressing-room was one from this young man. Not a big bouquet, but a pretty one, and his card in the centre of it, asking if he might call round.

I was told by my dresser that he was at the stage-door. I sent the invitation, wondering whether he was a concert agent or something like that. He wasn't. He was just a young man with the love-light in his eyes. Tall, fair, energetic, forceful, ambitious, and honest as the day.

He came again to my concerts. He came again to my dressing-room; and then he asked me to have tea one afternoon with him in a well-known teashop in the West End.

He made no secret of his love for me. He made no secret of his financial position. It was not very good, that must be admitted. But he was ambitious. He told me of his dreams, of his labour to better himself, of his life from boyhood.

Frank and honest he was, without a trace of guile or duplicity. I never told him I was married. But by the time we had met and talked over things half a dozen times I knew that I dared not tell him, for I was in love with him.

I DID not come to this stage without knowing what I was doing. I did not intend being unfaithful to that old man who was my husband and who had given me everything I possessed, even my voice. I do not know what I intended, but I did know that here was my lover, the man who out of all the millions living had come to me.

"If only I can manage to land a good job," he told me, "I'll ask you a question. And I'll land that good job. I know I will. So prepare for the question."

As if I could have answered anything but the word he wanted me to answer! It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that I was married, but somehow the conversation didn't give me a chance to say so. How could I hurt the one man I wanted to keep?

Next day he wrote me a letter saying the same things, and telling me that he was pushing for all he was worth to get a job that would be worthy of his abilities and his ambition.

The letter came to my dressing-room at the concert hall. I stuffed it into my pocket and went on the stage to sing—to him! He was there in one of the front seats, and knew I was singing to him.

My husband was at the stage-door with his car, so I was whirled off home as soon as my songs were over, without even changing into my ordinary clothes. We had a small party that night at home and I had no time to lose; so I didn't see my lover, who was sure to come to the dressing-room after the concert.

"You're tired," said my husband, after the guests had gone. "Anything on your mind?"

"Nothing much," I said. "But I notice that you have business on yours day and night. Your conversation this evening was practically all business talk with the men. What qualities are needed to become successful in business?"

"Perception," he said drily. "Knowing what to do and doing it at the right time."

"I wish I had perception," I murmured.

"Business isn't your affair," he laughed. "Singing is yours. Leave the business to me."

I looked at him and realised that he certainly seemed a "business man" to his finger-tips.

I remembered the big deals he had put over and the ramifications of his company's affairs.

Solid and capable he seemed. Not a bit of imagination about him. He had bought me and banked on my success, and it had come up trump, as everything he touched came trump.

SHOULD I desert him for my young lover he would never feel the blow. He would regard it as a business deal in which he had lost. If he divorced me he would be doing it in the same spirit, the desire to get back on a rival and to "queer his pitch," a phrase he often used.

I wondered if my young man had perception, if he had the business qualities likely to force him ahead. Yes, he had them, I was sure. His honesty, his frankness, were so engaging and so attractive. If my husband could do big business, this young man could do it also. He was bound to succeed.

Three days later I was the star singer at another concert. I knew my lover would be there, although I had not heard from him since his letter came to

(Continued on page 24)

He went out of the room a moment later and brought in his gueu. It was a miracle I didn't faint . . .

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Dinner for Three—(Continued from page 22)

me. And when I arrived at the hall there was another letter waiting for me.

In this one he wrote proving my belief in him. It was such a wonderful letter. He had got a job, a fine job, and he was coming to the stage-door after the concert to tell me about it.

He came soon after my songs had been sung. I was in my dressing-room when he was announced. The moment I saw him I knew things had changed. He had his foot on the ladder of success now.

He told me that he had received a letter from a firm in the City asking him to call. He had been received by a secretary and then ushered into a private office, where the head of the firm awaited him.

This head was an old man, who had heard somehow of him, probably from a business acquaintance—you know how these things get around—and so had sent for him.

It had been a long interview, and he told it me in detail. How this managing director had gone into his past, his school career, his jobs since coming to London, his present position and his abilities.

THERE was a vacancy about to occur in the firm owing to an older man retiring. Just what sort of post it was did not seem quite clear, but it was some sort of a managerial one.

The handling of a staff had been discussed. Salary had been mentioned; references had been asked for; and my lover had been told definitely that if these latter were satisfactory the job was his.

But what kind of a job? He was so excited that he had not asked whether it was one in London or the provinces. But the firm was a large one, with branches and all sorts of side departments.

One of those big multiple places, he said, that acted as agents and bought and sold without ever seeing their goods. What sort of goods? Well, they went in for rubber-growing and planting, and they were thinking of cultivating the soya bean in large quantities.

I had never heard of the soya bean. I may have turned up my nose at the idea of groceries, but he explained to me that the soya bean was about the most indispensable as well as the most valuable of produce you could conceive of.

It could be turned into ink, celluloid, paint, milk and a hundred other things. No, he wouldn't handle these things. He would just sit in a managerial office and give directions—and the money would come rolling in.

Both of us were so delighted at this turn in his fortunes that we didn't care whether the soya bean was a variety of the French bean or just plain watercress.

The salary he had been offered was sufficient for him to build a home and keep a wife in a good style. It meant so much to him—to us.

HE had been asked if he objected to travel abroad. He would have gone to the ends of the earth to get money enough to come and ask his question of me.

But he did not ask his question then. He said he would wait until his contract was signed and sealed and in his pocket. Then we would go over it together; and then he would ask his question.

What answer was I to give? I knew the answer my heart urged me to give. But I knew also that he would never consent to me doing a mean thing.

After I parted from him that night I went home and thought things out. My husband was there, as usual. He had been kept late in the City and came in just after I arrived, and was engrossed with business matters in his own room. I didn't disturb him.

I lay awake that night working out the situation. I would tell my husband frankly as soon as the contract was fixed. I would be honest with him. And

MY MIND *is* MADE UP

I would tell my lover, too. It seemed a simple way out. I did not fear any scene with my husband. He hated scenes.

All he would do, I felt sure, would be to look me over without surprise—nothing surprised him—twiddle his pencil between his fingers, and say, maybe, "Righto, please yourself." And then he would turn to his papers and start writing letters about business.

A week passed, and at last a letter came to me from my young man—forwarded on from the concert agents. He had got the job, but there was one snag. The position was in India, and he would be away for three years at least, and his contract gave his employers the right to keep him there for three years longer if they were satisfied.

But that didn't worry him, or me either. It seemed a providential way out. There need be no anxiety about meeting mutual friends. We would be away from London, away from talk and scandalmongers. That is how I pictured it. I knew the answer now.

HE made an appointment for us to meet the next day in our usual tearoom. We would talk over events and he would ask his question. I scribbled off a hurried note to him, saying that I would be at the appointed place, and congratulating him on his success, telling him that I knew he would succeed, that I had faith in him.

And then I put in the remainder of the day waiting for my husband to come home. I was going to tell him at last, and get that part of it over.

I was in the garden when I heard the car draw up at the front door. I heard him enter. Usually he went straight to his room and then came downstairs to the dining-room, where I met him. But this night he did not go upstairs. I heard him calling me.

I went into the house and through to the hall. He was not there; but he was in the drawing-room.

"I've brought a friend home for dinner," he said casually. "Hope you have something good."

I had something good. I always had, knowing that his business friends came without notice.

"Showed him upstairs to wash the dust off first," said my husband. "I'm ready for that dinner, my dear."

He went out of the room a moment later and brought in his guest.

It is a miracle that I didn't faint. The guest he had brought home was my lover!

I'll say this for both of us, we kept our end up. We pretended, limply, that we were new friends. I could not look at the boy all through the meal. But it was no use, he could not look at me either, and I heard him ultimately excuse himself.

"He's sailing to-morrow," said my husband blandly. "I insisted on him coming home with me, but, of course, he'll have to be excused. He'll have so much to do before boarding the ship."

WE rose stiffly. He went away. He hardly bowed to me as he left.

And when the door closed on him my husband returned to the dining-room.

"So that's that," he said, as he sat down to the wine. "He'll go. Thought at first he would throw it up. But he'll go. Contract, you know."

I couldn't answer him. I just sat there stunned and flattened out, staring at my husband.

He helped himself to more wine. Presently he laughed.

"I've got you out of a hole, my dear," he said at last. "You may marry him, but not until I'm dead. You're mine till then. I'm a business man. You need perception in business. It means success."

And then, seeing me unable to utter a word, he continued:

"It was that letter that made me sure of how things were shaping. You remember the letter he wrote you saying he was pushing for a good job? You dropped it in the car as we drove home, the night I called for you.

"So I've got him a job. Good money, but the district is malarial. Three years out there changes a man. That's why money is big."

Out there in India he is working in the malarial district. Here I am living out what life I have. He has never written to me. I have never written to him.

My husband has forbidden me. If I disobeyed him he might frustrate us again in some way I can't perceive. He is a successful business man. And he looks like living to an extreme old age. I'm afraid of him.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

FLOODED OUT

TWELVE-year-old Annie, her two-year-old sister and their mother had a terrifying experience a little while back when their Scottish home, lying at the foot of a steep hill, was flooded out.

Their ex-soldier dad, who had been ill since March, was at the time of the disaster in a convalescent home suffering from rheumatism. Whilst on his sick bed, listening-in on the wireless, he learned the worst, and pleaded with the officials to be allowed to go to the help of his family. Very reluctantly they agreed on condition that he returned the next night.

"When I reached home," he says, "I wasn't prepared to find things in such a ruined state by mud and water. My wife tells me she was wading up to the waist in water. She deserves all the credit, for I do not know how she stood it, as she is afflicted with varicose veins, and she had to give in several times with cramp.

"But this did not daunt her. She had to gather what she could and stow them up for safety. She put the children secure on the top of the table till such time as two men came to their help and carried them safely to a neighbour's house. Annie had a bad bruise right down her leg where she slipped through a hole in the flooring.

"We have received no compensation regarding the loss. We have no beds, and since the damage to our home, we are compelled to sleep at night in the police house."

To have one's home ruined is no joke for a well-to-do family, but when such a disaster overtakes a man who is unable to work on account of protracted illness, and has barely sufficient coming in to cover rent and food; who has, moreover, been hard pressed to have his home insured or even afford the outlay for a paper which covers insurance, the loss is overwhelming.

His state of health has now gone back to his pre-convalescent days, and his doctor, who has known him for twenty years as a "worthy fellow," recommends him for help.

All donations, therefore, our readers can spare, earmarked "Annie," will go towards restoring this ex-Service man's home for which he will be deeply grateful.

Subscriptions earmarked "Annie," if intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

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SKELETONS *out of the* CUPBOARD

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *by Philip Inman*

"The shadow of one's secret misdeed of the past sometimes dogs people till they wonder whether life is worth living"

IT has been said that "old sins have long shadows." True it is that some people can never escape from their past. The skeleton in the cupboard doesn't remain—in the cupboard. Some mischief-maker or busy-body brings it to light.

Or there is always the dread that one day it may be exposed. And this haunting shadow dogs people's footsteps till they wonder whether life is really worth living.

Listen to this letter from a woman who is in that plight:—

"My problem is a continual worry and having a grave effect on my health and the happiness of my home.

"I have one of the dearest husbands in the world and a little son aged seven years. But I wronged my husband by not telling him that I had made a terrible mistake before I married him.

"I was deceived, when quite young, and had a baby boy who is now twelve years old. My mother brought the baby up, and I obtained a position many miles from home, where I was a total stranger. I worked hard and did all in my power to atone for the past.

"After four years I met and married my husband, and we have been very happy together, but the fear has always been there that someone would tell him of my lapse.

"This boy has had a good home with my parents, who kept my secret, but now my dear mother has died, and there is no home for him.

"I should like to have him with me, but I dread telling my husband the secret. He is very straight and true, and I feel that he would never forgive me for the wrong I have done him.

"I have been a good, true and hard-working wife, but I know I ought to have told him, and I bitterly regret not having done so before we married.

"Do you think I ought to confide in him and hope for forgiveness, or will it end in our home being broken up? And what is to happen to the poor boy?"

AFTER giving her letter the most careful consideration, I feel that this man ought not to be kept in the dark any longer. I say this for many reasons. My correspondent is not likely to have much peace so long as she keeps this secret from him. It has already interfered with the happiness of her married life.

Then there is the problem of the boy himself. I can understand her desire to have him in the home, but this may lead to many complications. His presence would be a constant reminder of what had happened in the past.

It may be that the husband would be willing to ignore all these things and allow the lad to come into his home. Failing that, he might be willing to contribute to his keep elsewhere until he had reached the age when he could earn for himself.

Now these are the grounds upon which I urge my correspondent to tell her husband the truth. There are few people who have never made a mistake in life. She herself was quite young when the wrong was committed. Then she has done her best to live down the past. She has been "a good, true and hard-working wife." Her conduct during the years has atoned for that one lapse.

She can explain to her husband that it happened some years before she met him. She can emphasise that it was from fear of losing his affection that she has not told him earlier.

And because he is "one of the dearest husbands in the world," I am sure he will understand and forgive. Life is going to be far sweeter and better in the home when once this skeleton in the cupboard has been revealed.

The problem of the past is shrouding the present and the future of my next correspondent. Her letter reads:—

"I met a young man when I was twenty-four and we kept company for four years.

"One day, when out for a motor ride, the car broke down when we were miles from our respective homes. At the nearest garage we were told that the trouble could not be put right until the morning. There was a hotel there, and he went in to enquire about rooms, coming out to tell me he had booked as man and wife.

"I could not make a fuss in front of the receptionist, but I tried reasoning with my young man but he said everything would be all right. He knew perfectly well that I had been absolutely straight up to then.

"In a few weeks I discovered my condition, and I nearly went mad. I wrote to tell him, and, to my horror, he replied saying he could not marry me, as it would mean his leaving his job, and he begged me to keep the secret. I wrote him several times but he never answered.

"Owing to a terrible shock, I had a miscarriage, and I wrote to tell the young man that he was freed of his responsibility, but he did not even acknowledge this letter.

"Now I have met a man who is in a good position and eight years older than myself. He has gone out of his way to be kind to me, and has now asked me to marry him.

"I cannot forget my mistake, and am wondering if I should be doing him an injury to accept him. I have tried hard to hate and forget the other one, but I am afraid I still love him.

"Should I accept this proposal, and, if so, ought I to tell him what happened? I do so want a home of my own and children."

It seems amazing that people can still care for those who have cruelly wronged them. This girl met a man who was obviously a rank outsider. He left her to shoulder the whole burden of their wrongdoing. He had not even the decency to answer her letters.

In my judgment, he is not worthy of another second's thought.

Having decided that point, her problem falls into two parts. Ought she to accept this new proposal? If she is not in love with this man and never likely to be, it would not be fair to marry him simply for a home and children. If she cannot give him the affection that marriage demands, she had far better say "No" and allow him to find somebody else who can do so.

IT may be, however, that once she has banished the other affair she will learn to care for this man. Let her ask herself what life would be without him. That is always a fairly good test. In that event, my feeling is that she should tell him before they formally become engaged.

Other people obviously know about it, and the tidings would come far better from her than from any outsider. It would also prevent any unpleasantness developing when once they were married.

In these two problems I have advised my readers to be frank and open about their past. I now come to a problem where this was done—with rather unpleasant consequences. This letter is sent from a "third party":

"A friend of mine brought up a niece who met a young engineer with whom she became very friendly. He was a very decent fellow and always treated her with the greatest respect. However, after a year or so she admitted that she expected to become a mother as the result of a brief but sordid flirtation with another man while this engineer was abroad.

"In due course a child was born and was adopted at birth. When the engineer returned to England he wrote and asked if he might pay them a visit, and he then proposed to this girl.

"Her aunt said he was far too fine a man to be deceived, and she told her niece, 'Either you tell him or I will.'

"The girl decided to tell him herself, and although he was fearfully cut up, he forgave her and a year later they were married, it being agreed between them that never again would the affair be mentioned.

"For a time they were very happy and their union was blessed by twin daughters who are now charming girls. Then the trouble started.

"The father made no secret of the fact that he wished his girls to be as lovely in mind as they were in body, and he never missed an opportunity of shaping their characters. The wife feels that he thinks they might have a taint inherited from her and that he cannot trust her to bring up her own daughters.

"Now the niece continually upbraids her aunt for making her tell the husband in the first place. My friend, who firmly believed she was doing right at the time, has begun to wonder if after all she should have interfered, and if there is any way of restoring peace and happiness in that home.

"Above all, she wishes to set her own mind at rest. Can you give her any comfort?"

IN my opinion, the friend of my correspondent was both right and wrong.

She was right in desiring her niece not to withhold a guilty secret from her future husband.

She was wrong in *compelling* her to make the confession.

But I don't think this woman should reproach herself now. She acted for the best, and her conscience is therefore perfectly clear.

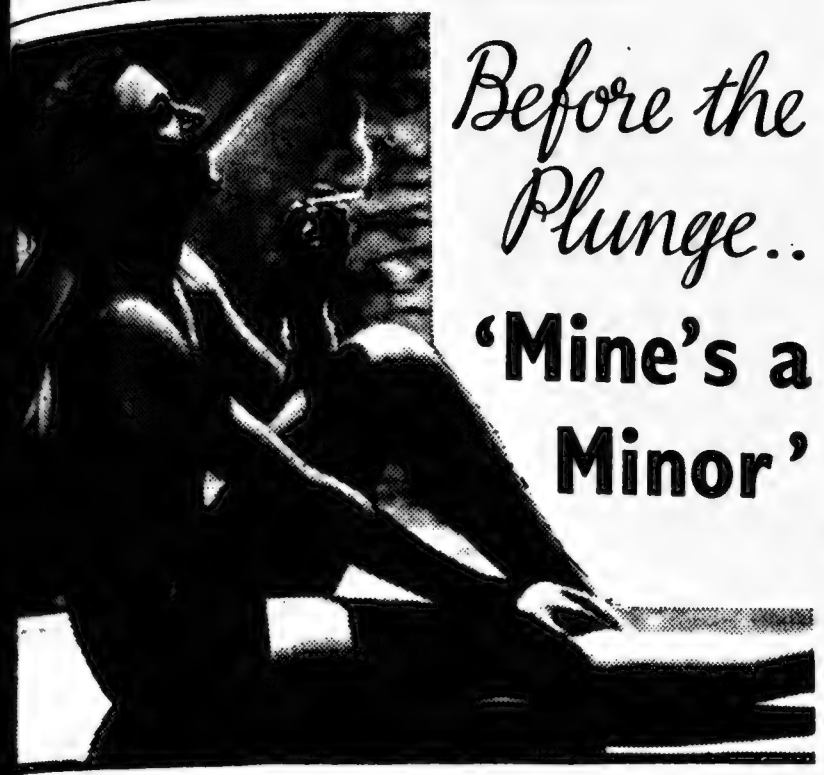
I am asked what should be done to "restore peace and happiness in that home." If the facts are as stated, the husband is greatly at fault. He agreed that "never again would the affair be mentioned between them." He has broken that promise in deed if not in word.

The wife should now break it in word. Let her have a frank talk with her husband. She should ask him if there is any lurking resentment of her past in his mind.

He may not realise that his attitude is hurting her feelings. He may change completely when he knows it. It is far better to air a grievance than allow it to rankle.

And forgiveness, once granted, should be as though the fault had never been committed.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



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"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

"NOW . . . I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Like so many other women who have always found Palmolive so beneficial for the face, she has now tried it in the bath, and soon noticed the difference in her arms and shoulders. The secret of "all-over" loveliness is the deep-cleansing and beautifying *Olive Oil* lather.

Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.

3D per tablet

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Sallow, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 2/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLEASURE" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid. £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

What a Shave!

SOLD UNIVERSALLY IN PACKETS OF 4 FOR 6D

MADE BY DARWINS LTD. SHEFFIELD

It's a MIRACOL

RHEUMATISM

If you are in the grip of agonising Rheumatism get a Beechams Brand Powder and get relief for 2d. Acts like magic in charming away pain. Quick and certain. Also invaluable for Nerve Pains, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Headaches.

GOES FOR 2d

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Taxation. Sold everywhere. A Beecham Product

Beechams Powders BRAND

Summer-time Freshness

Keep your skin clear, smooth and healthy with Cuticura.

Cleanse the face twice daily with Cuticura Soap. Its abundant, mildly antiseptic lather purifies the pores, keeps the skin clear and healthy. Apply Cuticura Ointment for pimples, skin irritation or rashes. Use Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and superfine, to give all-day freshness after your bath.

Sold by all chemists and stores.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS For Clear Healthy Skin

LOOK BETTER WITH JULYSIA

Men everywhere are using "Julysia," for smart hair. There's nothing to equal its clean freshness and brilliant finish. No gumming or starching — cannot soil hat-bands or pillows. 1/- & 1/6 per bottle. Sample size 6d. From Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores & all branches of Boots Chemists. A product of Jules Frères, Ltd., London, S.E.17.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

The Cream of Hairdressings

Get this FREE GIFT BOOKLET

In every packet of Rowntree's Jellies is included a free gift coupon, one towards your collection which can be exchanged for useful free gifts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. HZ.6, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a copy of this interesting free gift booklet—which is offered in the advertisement on page 23.

A party of Englishmen, dressed as they would dress in Britain, meet a representative of the Emperor, who is accompanied by a somewhat primitive guard of honour

Our People in Abyssinia

JUST a handful among twelve millions! That sums up the British in Abyssinia. Scarcely fifty all told—and scattered, a few here, a few there, over a wild, desolate, primitive country, seven times as big as England.

Every one of this little company of British subjects has given up the comforts of life at home to face a life of, at the best, severe simplicity, and at the worst, privation and hardship. What is more, they have done it for no personal gain.

Not one of them is a trader, bent (as so often happens in native territory) on filching the wealth of the country from the simple inhabitants who have no knowledge of its value in the outside world.

These British men and women have gone there to serve Ethiopia and the Ethiopians—to help them with their finance, to teach them, to nurse and cure their sick. Haile Selassie, who rules over this kingdom of twelve millions, knows that, and values them as friends.

Has he not appointed an Englishman to be the governor of the Bank of Ethiopia? Mr. Collier is an oldish man with a long experience of Abyssinian affairs. He lives, of course, in Addis Ababa, the capital. But just now he is in England on leave, and, it is safe to assume, will take a hand in the loans which the Government is negotiating in London.

Besides him there are hardly more than a dozen British people in Addis Ababa. There is the manager of the same bank, who has also had years of experience of Abyssinian finance.

He is middle-aged and married. His wife lives with him in Addis Ababa, but their daughter, a little girl of about eleven years old, is at school in England.

There is, besides, a third official at the bank, also British.

He, too, is middle-aged, but a bachelor.

These three men are doing valuable work in helping to manage the finances of Abyssinia. As they are servants of the State, if war breaks out with Italy it is very unlikely that any of them could be spared to return to England. They would almost certainly remain at Addis Ababa. The manager's wife would, of course, be sent home with other British subjects.

Twenty years' work

At the Legation there is Sir Sydney Barton, the Minister, Mr. P. M. Broadmead, the First Secretary, and Mr. W. L. Bond, the Consul. Unless England entered the war and took sides against Abyssinia, which is very unlikely, they, too, would remain, as being the representatives of a neutral country.

After that there is only the mission station—a "household" of some seven missionaries under Mr. Alfred Buxton. The remainder of the twenty-five or so British missionaries in the country are scattered to the north, to the south, and to the east.

These missionaries, all graduates of Cambridge University, have only been in Abyssinia a year—sent out there by the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society. But Mr. Buxton has himself been working in Africa for twenty years. And he comes of a religious family, for his father, the Rev. B. F. Buxton, is vicar of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells.

Dr. Kenneth Buxton, a nephew of the vicar, is now preparing to join his cousin at Addis Ababa. The rumours of war may prevent him from going as soon as he had hoped. All the missionaries are unmarried. There were five women among them, but two are now on their way back to England, leaving three in Abyssinia. The rest are men.

Perhaps it will come as a surprise to many people to learn that the Abyssinians have a Christian Church as old as our own. It is, in fact, the official religion of the country, and three million of the people belong to it.

They have their churches, their priests, their monasteries, their bishops, and an archbishop — His Beatitude Abuna Teyrillos, Archbishop of Ethiopia, after the Emperor the highest official in the land.

The churches are often decorated with paintings on the walls, in the fashion of the Italian churches of the Middle Ages. Generally the subjects for these religious pictures are taken from Scripture, but sometimes they are legendary. A favourite theme is St. *George and the Dragon*. By a strange coincidence St. George is the patron saint of Abyssinia just as he is of England.

Since she already has her own Christian Church, what work are the missionaries doing in Abyssinia? Their chief work is to educate. In Addis Ababa they have already commenced to build a school on the outskirts of the town. But even before the building is put up lessons go on.

That this work is appreciated by the Emperor is shown by the fact that Ras Kassa, one of his trusted counsellors, has asked them to supply workers for the school and hospital he is building 40 miles north of the capital.

Like natives

In the remote villages the teaching goes on just the same, though there are no pleasant buildings in which to give the lessons. Here the missionary must live like the natives.

Inside the thorn hedge which surrounds the village to keep the hyenas out and the cattle from straying, he has a hut. His furniture is a couple of stools. His bed a few skins.

His diet is mostly milk, which the native women keep in vessels made of giraffe hide. These dishes are "cleaned" with hot ashes, which are stirred round the sides, and this gives the milk a smoky flavour.

Occasionally a sheep is killed, but otherwise the menu is milk, milk, milk, morning, noon and night, week in, week out.

The second duty of the missionaries is to provide medical service—the best that can be managed under existing conditions.

As far as religion is concerned, they try to convert the heathen portion of the population—by far the largest. It numbers six millions—and to get the Christian portion to read the Bible for themselves.

The Abyssinian Church is to-day much the same as our own Church was in England before the Reformation. The Bible is written in a dead language which the people do not understand. The services are given in the same dead tongue.

The missionaries, helped by the Emperor, are getting the Bible translated and printed in the language used by the people to-day.

They are encouraging them to learn to read, so that they can read the Bible for themselves.

But as their alphabet consists of 258 letters, compared with our own 26, learning to read is a laborious joo.

OUT *of the* RUINS

THE stork was due to arrive at any moment.

There is not a mother or father in the country who will not know what a curious mixture of excitement, anxiety and hope that fact aroused in a cottage in Norfolk a week or so ago.

It really was a thatched cottage. You will see it there now, or what remains of it. . . .

It is necessary to add, "what remains of it," because one of the most awful things that can happen to a young couple at one of the biggest moments of their lives is explained by those blackened ruins of what was once a home.

Something ignited that thatch—a spark, maybe, although nobody will ever be able to give the exact cause of the accident. In a minute that beautiful little home was burning like one of those Jubilee bonfires that lit up the night-sky of Britain recently.

The local fire brigade worked itself to exhaustion, until it realised that the building and its contents were doomed.

What a tragedy—and yet how well things turned out, after all.

Norfolk humanity and hospitality saw to it that the prospective mother was well looked after—and her babe, too, when it arrived.

And as for the ruined furniture—well, we are proud and happy to say that we saw to that.

We have the grateful letter from the father in which he tells the good tidings. "Thank you for JOHN BULL's cheque," he writes. "I don't know how we could have got our home together again if it were not for the good old JOHN BULL free insurance."

He signed: we paid. For your own information, what he signed was a coupon that you will find on page 38.

Turn to it. Take the precaution that he took without delay. And then see for yourself what a load it lifts from your own mind.

ONE TUBE MUST DO IT!

Cleaner, Brighter Teeth..or-

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy one tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day until it's all used up. Then if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund you twice what you paid.

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by everything you eat and drink and smoke every day. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn discolourations. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference that these two cleansing actions can make in the appearance of your teeth.

TWO SIZES 6D 1/-

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

An increase in the DIGGER family

Flake smokers will welcome this new addition to the famous 'Digger' range of Empire Tobaccos. As always, the name is a guarantee of both the quality *and* the value.

PLAYER'S DIGGER FLAKE

MEDIUM

8D PER OZ

4° PER HALF OZ

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.35

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" Shop Window and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 16.

Phensic

BRAND TABLETS

brings instant relief from all PAIN

Marvellous for Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Backache. Stops Colds immediately.

Sold everywhere—3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

NEVER HARMS THE HEART

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

Before Buying Your Radio—

Turn to pages 14 & 33. These two offers deserve your special interest.

SUFFERER FROM PILES FOR 25 YEARS. NOW QUITE CURED.

That is the happy experience of Mr. W. P. S., of Long Eaton, who writes :—"I have been a great sufferer for the past 25 years, and have tried almost every supposed cure for rectal trouble. Some two months ago I had the worst attack I have ever had, being at home from my business for a month. I really thought I had finished my business career for good. I was advised that my only hope was a very severe operation. This I refused to submit to. After using your treatment I am delighted to say that I have never felt better in my life. I am absolutely free from pain, and have just received an acceptance as a first-class life from an Insurance Company (at 64 years of age). You can imagine this is like a new lease of life to me, as I can get about freely and am as active as I was at 30."

M. S. S., of Redmire, writes :—"I wish to thank you for the splendid treatment you sent me some time ago. Previous to receiving same I had suffered for years through Itching Piles, and hardly had a night's rest, but now I feel A1 and can sleep and rest in comfort. Your Magic Pile Cure is splendid, and I only wish that I could tell people about it, as I feel sure many are suffering from this awful malady, but most people are shy of mentioning a cure."

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment is amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application and effects a cure in the shortest possible time.

Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to-day for the Free Trial.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.17, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

Ulcerated LEGS QUICKLY HEALED!

Varicose Ulcers and Poisoned Leg Wounds are difficult to cure. But Germolene does it. The quickest, most certain remedy. Mrs. H., of Sheffield, writes: "*Your wonderful Germolene has cured my ankles — the worst deep-seated ulcers for 16 years. I had been under treatment and in bed for months at a time.*"

for

ECZEMA, RASH, ULCERS, SORES, BAD LEGS, PILES, ACNE, BURNS, CUTS, SCALDS, etc.

13.3 and 12 Tubes 4/6

Germolene BRAND

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

FREE! Send a postcard to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd. (Dept. J. B. 281a), Manchester, 16, for free book on Home Treatment of Skin Infections. Written by a skin expert—packed with pictures and invaluable advice.

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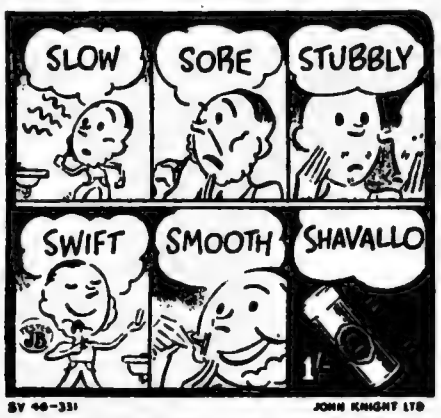
for HEALTH



SV 46-331 JOHN KNIGHT LTD

No More Grey Hair

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE **EXTRACT**

EVE—and the New Apple

"I WISH they would invent something different," sighs the housewife, as she surveys the usual apples, pears, plums, cherries, gooseberries and currants at the fruiterer's. But actually if a new fruit is offered to her she will not buy it. At least, that is the experience of the experts.

This suspicious attitude towards anything "different" does not apply only to fruits which are introduced from abroad, and where there may be some doubt as to whether an entirely new flavour will be appreciated in the home. New fruits produced at home, and even new varieties of old favourites, come equally as much under the British housewife's doubting eye.

Horticultural experts deplore this characteristic in women, because it delays progress. Year after year they spend their time testing and experimenting so that the finest and fullest flavoured fruit shall be available to the public.

But the average housewife has determined views—she has formed a definite idea about the appearance of a strawberry, a raspberry, a blackberry, a plum. Any change in the conventional shape or colour makes her suspicious of the quality of the fruit.

Naturally when the shopkeeper finds his customers will not buy new varieties of fruit, he refuses to stock them. Consequently, the growers will not grow them; and so the scientific fruit breeder has spent his years of testing and careful selection in vain.

"Colour bar"

Officials of the Royal Horticultural Society, the Ministry of Agriculture and nurserymen all tell the same story of popular prejudice against "the new fruit."

The most popular colours for any fruits are red and yellow, despite the fact that many delicious varieties are of a purple shade Colour prejudice, in fact, is so strong, said a well-known grower, that if the finest flavoured strawberry in the world were green when it was ripe no one would want it.

This accounts for the sad story of the "Veitch berry," a cross between a raspberry and a hedge blackberry, which would have made a valuable addition to our soft fruits. Women did not like it because it looked like an under-ripe blackberry.

Even loganberries have only become really popular since the war, yet they first appeared in the garden of Judge Logan in California in 1881, and were introduced into England less than ten years later. Now, for some years, loganberries have formed the subject of trials in order to enlarge them and improve their flavour.

The "Phenomenal" berry is also a hybrid which was discovered in America and was introduced to England over 40 years ago. It is very like a large loganberry, of fine flavour and is grown from cuttings, not seedlings. This, again, has never become popular.

At the recent Soft Fruit Conference held under the chairmanship of Lord Aberconway, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. Rawes, the famous expert on fruit breeding, said that many of the old varieties were still the best, but that growers should not be afraid to test and experiment in order to find how much these established varieties could be improved.

At Wisley, the trial ground of the R.H.S., there are twenty-two acres occupied by fruits "under trial," and in an additional sixteen acres there are standard bushes and trees for the purposes of cross breeding.

All the new fruits, however, are not produced at Wisley. Every year there are hundreds of varieties of fruits submitted to the Fruit Committee of the R.H.S. It is the judgment of this Committee which decides whether any of these fruits are of value, not only for private garden planting but for commercial use.

Only a small percentage of these varieties prove to be improvements upon existing varieties, but there are important "finds," and it is these discoveries which make the whole business worth while.

For example, though blackberries are to-day a public favourite, many people complain of their seediness. So experts have striven to produce blackberries with more pulp and less seed, but which will retain the subtle flavour of the wild variety.

Horticulturists are enthusiastic about the "John Innes" blackberry, evolved after a seven-years' test and awarded a medal last September when submitted by a Bedford firm of nurserymen. Its large juicy dark berries are available from August to October, a very long season for a blackberry. It is certain to become very popular in time, but there will be prejudice at first because housewives have a notion that large blackberries lack the fine flavour of smaller ones—at least that is what they tell the greengrocers.

The average housewife has determined views and is suspicious towards anything new or different

At present there are thirty-six kinds of raspberries under trial. Red Cross and Pynes Royal are perhaps the best flavoured, and they sell particularly well because they have two qualities which the housewife demands in raspberries. They are round and bright red.

So with red currants. The bunches of the outstanding variety, Laxton's Number One, are longish and the berries a brilliant red, which makes them conform to what experience has shown to be the housewife's conception of what red currants should be.

On the other hand, in nearly a hundred years it has not been possible to make white currants really popular.

No one knows why gooseberries are falling from public favour. Yet every year the sale of them grows a little less. One theory is that foreign cherry plums now come on to the market at the same time as gooseberries and their bright colouring makes them the more attractive.

A new plum, the "Czar," is just making its commercial debut and growers are anxious that it shall become a favourite because it is hardy and resists frost. It is purple with a lovely bloom.

Strangely enough, when it comes to plums women do not object to purple; though red is still the most popular shade, or golden flushed red, like the old-fashioned and still popular Victoria.

Disguise

Like the latter, the Czar plum is egg shaped—a good asset. Women, the fruiterers say, like plums to be so shaped; that is why the delicious South African apple plum has never become generally popular. It is round. And probably for the same reason all attempts to cross apples and plums in this country have proved failures.

With apples, too, housewives have their prejudices. Apples must have rosy cheeks—that is why the Canadians and Australians had to wrap the green-skinned Newtowns in red transparent paper.

Apples were practically the first fruit to be experimented upon when the scientific breeding of fruit began, about one hundred years ago. Until recently few advances were made upon the knowledge gained by Andrew Knight, the first scientific fruit breeder.

Mr. Cox, the old brewer of Colnbrook Lawn, who has attained such posthumous fame, produced Cox's "Orange Pippin" and Cox's "Pomona." The Orange Pippin is still the most popular apple of all, though it always remains high priced because it is not a heavy cropper. So any grower who can produce a prolific apple which looks as well and tastes like Cox's famous fruit should make a fortune.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

ILFRACOMBE CHRONICLE AND N. DEVON NEWS:—"... he was swept off his feet by a strong CURRANT."

CUMBERLAND EVENING NEWS:—"... when the white of egg TRIES, they will be taut."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"He was particularly struck with the CHARITY of their final consonants."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"RICKETS were sent up from Weymouth Pier ..."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"... she looked charming in a CAULIFLOWER blue gown ..."

PETERHEAD BUCHAN OBSERVER:—"The decision to sanction Sunday bathing ONE DAY a week ..."

NELSON LEADER:—"A police STABLE said the dog was found in Albert Road ..."

CROYDON TIMES AND SURREY COUNTY MAIL:—"The Matron also acknowledges with thanks the receipt of gifts of BOOS."

LONDON CLERGYMAN'S AMAZING RECOVERY from ASTHMA

For many years Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure has been known as a sure and proven remedy which has brought speedy and permanent Relief to thousands. Read the following dramatic praise of the Rev. W. Hall. What testimony, so enthusiastically recorded and without solicitation, could be more convincing?

The Rev. W. Hall, whose remarkable real-life story tells how he was able not only to carry on without a break, but to throw off the terrific affliction of Asthma in spite of the fact that the very nature of his work caused him to be out in all kinds of weather.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure has been endorsed by people in all walks of life, including the Royal Physician whose portrait you see below. In addition, Doctors, Public Men and Women, and many thousands of people have testified to the marvellous curative properties of this old-established remedy.

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma cure.

Just as it has helped them and brought them speedy and permanent relief, so it can do as much for you; but you should act before your complaint has you even more firmly in its grip.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd.
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

30, Paragon Rd., Hackney, E.9.
26.5.35.

Dear Sirs,—Amongst the many thousands of people who read their favourite daily paper or weekly books where your familiar advertisement appears, I have no doubt that there will be hundreds upon hundreds who will know the likeness of Abney Park Cemetery's Chaplain which heads this testimonial. I send the picture of myself together with this letter because I feel that I cannot fully express in words my thankfulness to "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure."

All will surely agree that a Cemetery Chaplain's work is a hard work, more especially in the winter months where, in and out from Church to the grave-side, and grave-side to the Church, he is apt to catch cold. Well, this is what has happened to me over and over again during my 15 years of Ministry here—I have had cold upon cold until I found myself suffering with chronic bronchitis, which at last turned to Asthma. My illness was such that on two occasions I had to give up for awhile and appoint another to do my work.

I went to a very skilful Doctor, who certainly eased me of my sufferings, but could find no real cure. During my terrible state of health I met a friend in the Cemetery who in his familiar way said—Don't you know what you want for that complaint, old man? I replied, No, I only wish I did! He then said, What you need is "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure," and so as to impress it upon me he said "think of the hairs on your head" and you'll not forget. He then went on to spell it slowly: H-A-I-R. *I did not at that time take much notice, but it was after a few weeks that I had a very bad attack in the early hours of a Sunday morning. I was breathless—almost lifeless—to the frightfulness of my wife. During my suffering I thought of my friend's advice on "Dr. Hair's." Being Sunday morning, the Chemists' shops did not open until 12 at noon. However, at my bidding my wife went to a Chemist and purchased a bottle. I noticed on the directions that small frequent doses could be taken if the complaint or attack was chronic. Well, I took five small doses from the hours of 12 noon until 6.30 in the evening. I felt terrible and worried, for there was my Church and its worshippers and if I did not appear they would be without a Minister and Preacher. I, however, went down to Church and announced that the service that evening would have to be a service of Song and Praise, etc., as I could not preach. But, somehow or another, I began to feel a little easier during the service, and at the appointed and usual time of the sermon my congregation was surprised to see me ascending the Pulpit. I preached a short sermon to their amazement, and from that time I have felt better and better until I am quite my old self again.*

It is now something like two years since I had an attack, so you will agree that I have allowed time to give your medicine a fair trial. Whenever I feel husky, or have a bad cold, I at once fly to "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure," and I can honestly say that it never fails to cure. I will add thank God and thank you for your wonderful medicine. From yours gratefully,

(Sgd.) William Hall (Priest).

ALL SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

Here is the Golden Remedy for Your Suffering!

Don't let the agonies of sleepless nights continue—don't suffer from the recurring fights for breath—each one of which is weakening you? Send at once for this valuable treatise and learn how health may be yours. Simply fill in and post the coupon below.

Dr Hair's ASTHMA CURE

THE PROVED LIQUID REMEDY FOR 59 YEARS

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable from all Chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., at 3/- and 5/- (double size) per bottle.

Send for this FREE BOOK

To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE LTD.
(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Hay Fever.

Name_____

Address_____

Post in an UNSEALED envelope with ½d. stamp. **Write clearly.** 17/8/35.

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

The forty-fourth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, July 31st, at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said: It is a matter of great disappointment to your directors, although I believe of little surprise to shareholders, that we are unable to recommend the declaration of a dividend. Those of you who follow at all closely the trend of shipping business will not have expected any dividend on the Ordinary capital, and therefore for the second year in succession we must break our previous forty-year record of continuous dividend payments. The usual half-yearly dividends on the £1,500,000 Preference capital have, of course, been paid in the ordinary way.

I regret that with few exceptions our subsidiary shipowning companies have paid no dividends, but the majority of our ancillary undertakings have continued to make satisfactory profits having regard to existing conditions.

I made particular reference last year to our Bermuda interests. The number of passengers carried in the year 1934-5 was in excess of the previous year, but there were periods during which the travel was not sufficient to justify the continuous employment of both the Monarch of Bermuda and the Queen of Bermuda. Although we have no direct steamship service to Bermuda from this side, the Cunard White Star Line and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have joined with us in giving round trip facilities to Bermuda and home via New York or vice versa, and it is hoped that these facilities will attract an increasing number of visitors from this side.

As regards the Pacific Coast trade, we have endeavoured to rationalise our sailings, and by agreement with the Royal Mail Lines and the Holland Amerika Line we give a regular joint service to all the principal discharging ports in the United Kingdom. We are, however, still subjected to severe competition by lines which have had no share in building up the trade, and whose entry into the conference is facilitated by the regulations which prevail in the United States.

In regard to the current year, there are many features which give your directors encouragement and which should yield us increased revenue, not the least of which is a very gratifying increase in the summer travel to Bermuda. The report was adopted.

Confessions of a Fiancée

"A Man Expects So Much"

Just what *is it* about a woman that is most irresistible?

You may have a charming figure, be well dressed, possessed of an agreeable disposition and know how to keep house—*But*, unless your complexion is clear, smooth and beautiful, you will probably never have a chance to show all your other virtues to the man of your dreams. A man is first attracted by the complexion. When I tell my friends how really simple it is to have a fresh, white, soft skin, they seem surprised. For years, I relied upon Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. It is whitening, tonic and astringent, as well as absolutely safe. It does away with enlarged pores, blackheads and wrinkles of fatigue. Clears and whitens dullest, darkest skin. I feel certain that the beautifying effect of this Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy), will help any woman to win the man she desires.

Send for this

FREE ILLUSTRATED GIFT LIST

An interesting illustrated list of gifts is offered by the makers of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. A free copy, together with one Free Coupon, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning "John Bull," to Foster Clark, Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, Maidstone, Kent.

Gold leaf is still produced by beating slabs of solid gold with a hammer, just as did the Egyptians in the days of Tutankhamen

Where TIME stands STILL

THIS summer everyone will be struck by the special efforts made to smarten up their favourite holiday resort in honour of the Jubilee Year: more flowers, more lights, more colour, fresh paint everywhere—and, above all, bright new gold, gleaming from the roof of the Town Hall, from the clock on the esplanade, from public buildings and monuments, will greet them wherever they go.

The story of how that gold got there is one of the strangest romances of present-day industry.

For in these days of ever-increasing mechanisation of life the goldbeater's craft remains one of the very few industries which have been left almost completely unchanged by the march of modern progress.

Thinner now

Four thousand years ago, and more, gold leaf was produced by exactly the same processes as those practised in this country to-day. Despite the efforts of modern commercial research, the exploration of scientists and alchemists, gold leaf is still produced by beating slabs of solid gold with a hammer, just as did the Egyptians in the days of Tutankhamen and a thousand years before. The discovery of some simpler method seems as elusive as the making of gold itself.

Only in one respect does the gold leaf of to-day differ from that which adorned the palaces and temples of Cleopatra and the Pharaohs.

It is beaten much thinner, and that probably not because of the greater skill of the modern craftsman, but because present-day materialism demands the utmost value from the materials acquired.

Certain it is that if any of those centuries-dead craftsmen were reincarnated to-day they could walk straight into a modern goldbeater's workshop and carry on the task they left so long ago. For still a hammer (though now of steel and not of bronze) wielded by a man's right arm is the only perfect machine for the production of gold leaf.

The gold-leaf used every two or three years to keep St. Paul's dome gleaming in London's modern industrial skyline differs not a whit from that used on the mummies in the British Museum.

High pressure

There is a simplicity about this ageless industry which seems altogether strange in these days.

For there are only three essential processes employed in the turning of a massive bar of solid gold into a leaf of tissue thickness; and only the initial and least important of these is done by machinery.

This single mechanical process is the drawing out of the gold bar into a long ribbon.

To pure fine gold is added a minute quantity of alloy—usually copper or silver—according to the colour and quality of leaf desired.

This is then melted in a crucible and cast into small ingots, which are passed again and again between highly burnished steel rollers with ever-increasing pressure until a ribbon an inch and a quarter wide and about one-thousandth of an inch thick is produced. After this, the production of the finished leaf is simply a matter of hammering—over seven hours of highly specialised hammering by hand to reduce the gleaming metal to the thinness of a leaf.

The first step is to cut the thin ribbon of gold into pieces an inch square and, placing them between the leaves of a "cutch" of 200 sheets of fine vellum, to beat them for about half an hour with a 20-lb. hammer. This process is then repeated, the leaves of gold, interleaved between 800 coarser skins, being beaten for two hours with a somewhat lighter hammer.

A sharpened reed is used to cut into quarters the thin sheets of gold thus produced, and the quarters are placed between the skins of a "mould" composed of 1,000 very thin sheets of goldbeater's skin.

These thousand skins measure less than an inch in thickness, weigh but a few ounces, and cost almost their weight in pure gold—an interesting sidelight on the capital expenditure demanded by this centuries-old craft.

Oldest song

The rhythmic thud of the hammers on the thin sheets of gold interleaved between parchment makes a fine sound, perhaps the oldest song in industry, as the moulds are subjected to five hours of beating.

And it is interesting to note that even the implements used in this industry seem to laugh at time.

There are still in use hammers whose handles are worn to pencil thickness by the use of a hundred years, and whose heads are at least three times as old, the side used for beating the gold being burnished like a mirror. And some of the solid marble blocks on which the gold is beat… bear deep groov… worn by the … pressure of … thumbs of ge… rations of go… beaters.

The supre… test of skill … called for in … beating of t… mould: now, mo… than at any ot… time during … process, is th… quality of th… finished leaf d… termined.

And when it … realised that … skilful beate… can produce … leaf of a thi… ness of on… 250,000th of … inch, or a hu… dred times th… ner than a cig… ette paper, it … easy to apprec… the extreme de… cacy of touc… necessary for th… work. It is an … which takes … least twelve yea… to acquire.

Few peop… realise the ext… ordinary mall… ability of gold … its thinness: for… 12 dwts. (qua… over half a … ounce) can … beaten into 25… leaves. The qu… ity of leaf, ho… ever, known … "Best Englis… which is of pr… tically pure g… assaying over … carat, is no… beaten to th… limit of thinness; and 2,000 leaves of … quality are produced from an ounce … pure gold.

When the leaves of gold have be… beaten to the required thinness, they … cut to the necessary size, placed betwe… the sheets of thin paper books, a… stored away to await their final destin… tion, be it the gilding of a dome, t… adornment of a cathedral or palace, … theatre or hotel, or the more mundan… premises of a shop or office; the g… lettering in a hat or shoes, the edg… of a pack of cards—any one of th… thousand purposes for which gold le… is pre-eminently desirable.

Fine testimonials

This work of cutting and booking … done by girls, who attain extraordinar… quickness and skill in handling th… delicate squares of metal with the lo… boxwood pincers with which it … handled throughout the process.

Thousands of pounds' worth of go… may lie in the workshops of the larg… of the seven or eight firms which a… responsible for the production of all th… gold leaf used in this country; whil… many hundreds of pounds worth of th… precious metal passes through the hand… of some of the workers in the course … of a week.

Magnificent testimonials to the wor… of the modern goldbeater are to be see… in such famous buildings as St. Paul… Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, th… Houses of Parliament, the National Ga… lery and hundreds of others all over th… country.

Such work defies the ravages of time… weather and City smoke for hundreds … or even thousands, of years, and may … be admitted to compare favourably with … the most beautiful examples of ancient … Egyptian and other gilding to be found … in the world's great museums.

"SECRET SERVANT"

Lloyd George, of Downing Street; Marshall, of the Special Branch of the "Yard"; Lord Riddell, of Fleet Street—these great names are but a few of those that invest the amazing new thriller 'Secret Servant" with glamour and grip and realism.

"Secret Servant" was written by the author of "Spy," the novel that everybody thought was *true history*.

It begins exclusive publication in the current issue of *Weekly Illustrated*—twopence everywhere.

Painful Feet?

CORNS & SORENESS RELIEVED IN 1 MINUTE!

LOOK BETWEEN YOUR TOES FOR CAUSE OF MANY FOOT TROUBLES

Examine your feet to-night. Foot troubles often start between the toes. Skin moist, cracked and peeling or inflamed and itching is always responsible for sore, tired feet. For speedy relief rest your feet in the medicated and oxygenated footbath prepared by adding 'Reudel' Bath Saltrates to hot water until the released oxygen gives it the colour of milk. Soreness, swelling, inflammation and pain completely disappear as the oxygen penetrates the pores. Corns are loosened and soon come right out. Don't suffer with your feet another day—life is too short!

A DOCTOR SAYS: *"I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it."*
J. ————M.D., O.B.E.

REUDEL BATH
Pronounced ROO-DEL
Saltrates

only in YELLOW Packets
from all chemists 1/6 & 2/6.

VERY IMPORTANT
If you want quick relief from corns and painful foot troubles, on no account must you confuse 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (there is no substitute and nothing else is as good) and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

IF IT'S A

BURGOYNE

Stand No. 2 Radiolympia

YOU'RE SET FOR BETTER RECEPTION!

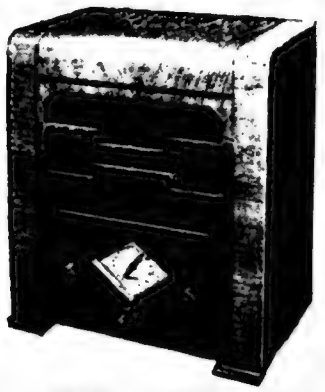
Decide on a Burgoyne and enjoy the best of 1936 reception NOW! Whether you choose a Burgoyne mains model or a battery set, you can be sure of radio of the most advanced design—definitely improved in performance and increased in range. Ask your dealer for a demonstration of these inexpensive, better-quality sets, or write to us for descriptive details.

FURY TABLE RADIOGRAM
ALL ELECTRIC

Rigid vibrationless cabinet. "Selectrograph" direct-reading tuning dial. Circuit includes high frequency amplyfying valve, pentode detector with high slope Pentode output valve, feeding moving coil speaker **11 gns.**

COMET
BATTERY MODEL

Three-valve screened grid Pentode receiver, specially designed to give exceptional selectivity. Fitted with full-capacity moving-coil speaker, and cased in handsome polished walnut cabinet with chromium escutcheon and ebonite base. "One-plane" (Aeroplane) tuning dial for easy reading. Price including Batteries **6 gns.**



Send for Booklet illustrating additional models.

BURGOYNE WIRELESS (1930), LTD.
GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

THIN PEOPLE
Get the 'Go-By'

THE THIN, WEEDY, WEAK-LOOKING MAN
—Can't Gain a Woman's Admiration
THE BONY, ANGULAR, SCRAGGY WOMAN
—Rarely Meets Romance with a Capital 'R'

BUILD UP AN ADMIRATION-COMPELLING FIGURE WITH 'IRVONA' BRAND THE GREAT NERVE and BODY BUILDER

THIN MAN—
"They just ignore me. I wish I could put on flesh."

TRY IT FOR 7 DAYS

THERE is now no need to be a "human scarecrow"—to be denied social pleasures and business success because of a thin, angular, weak-looking frame. Very thin people seldom make friends, never inspire admiration in others, nor command respect in their chosen walk of life. No man likes to be seen with a thin, angular woman with "saltcellar" depressions and protruding bones. She is unbeautiful, unattractive . . . uninteresting . . . she is Nervy, Unhealthy!

Nor does a woman like to have a weedy, weak-looking man as a Companion. He never looks a REAL man somehow!

BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

Thanks to scientific research, easy means have been found to remedy these distressing conditions, which are a menace to health. Such a remedy is now available to YOU in the form of convenient sugar-coated tablets called "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder, and so confident are we of its amazing effect that we invite you to try it for 7 Days!

Now "IRVONA" puts the matter right from the start. It restores the nervous force which enables the body to feed itself, and in addition provides certain flesh-building powers to the blood which quickly make their presence felt!

Thus, quite simply, "IRVONA" Builds Beautiful Bodies out of the most unpromising material and transforms "human scarecrows" into veritable Models of Figure Perfection and Form.

IF YOU ARE A *SKINNY, SCRAGGY* WOMAN

whose clothes never fit properly, and whose beauty is spoiled by unlovely lines, you can soon possess

Alluring curves and beautifully rounded limbs,
A well-developed figure and flowing lines,
A clear complexion and smiling eyes,
Ruby lips and glowing cheeks,
High spirits and irresistible vivacity!

IF YOU ARE A *THIN, WEAK-LOOKING* MAN

whose body looks like "two deal boards," with sunken cheeks and a "tired" appearance, you can soon be proud of

A strong, healthy figure,
Firm, well-proportioned limbs,
A dominating presence and appearance,
Great stamina and increased strength.

MONEY-BACK OFFER

PROVE to yourself, NOW, how "IRVONA" will cover those bones with healthy flesh and muscle, fill out those hollows, smooth away those ugly angularities and make you well-moulded, shapely, well-proportioned and healthy.

The Sponsors of "IRVONA" Brand are so convinced that good results will follow its use that they offer to supply through any Chemist, or direct, one week's treatment (1/3 post free) on the distinct understanding that any purchaser who fails to experience sufficient improvement to justify a continuance of the remedy may receive a refund of the full purchase money from IRVONA, 1, Gresse Street, London, W.1, without any deduction. JB

1/3 1 WEEK'S SUPPLY
3/- 3 WEEKS' SUPPLY
5/- 6 WEEKS' SUPPLY

IRVONA
Brand
NERVE AND BODY BUILDER

Save Money by Purchasing The Larger Sizes

Obtainable from all Chemists, or post free by sending the price.
IRVONA, Dept. 29B, 1, Gresse St., London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is *healing* as well as holding. Featherlight, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE.** 2,300 *doctors recommend Brooks.* You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for *free book* now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

COUPON *for* FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.

(482 W) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482 W) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....
(Please write plainly) .....

Cut out and Post—½d. stamp.

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H MAURICE LTD
THE BIG TWO
RACING FOOTBALL GREYHOUNDS

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Commissions accepted for

HORSE & PONY RACING
GREYHOUND RACING
AND
FOOTBALL

Write for the famous 'CHALLENGER' FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

Send your name for particulars of our service

Name .....
J.B. 17/8/35

Address .....

Town.....County.....

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H MAURICE LTD

Wireless 'Voice' I like Best —and Why

HE only broadcasts for two or three minutes each year, yet his voice thrills the hearts of all listeners under the British flag.

His Majesty the King has the wireless "voice" I like best, because I feel that his simple heart-to-heart speech on Christmas Day does more to cement the Empire to the Mother Country than anything else. —*D. H. B., S.W.15.*

Helping Hand

I like best the "voice" appealing on behalf of "the week's good cause."

Be it that of man or woman, it is invariably so earnest, forceful and genuine that I feel every word is worth my full attention.

Even if I cannot afford always to subscribe to the cause, it does my soul good to hear the appeal. It revives my faith in humanity, as it assures me there are still thousands of people in the world ever willing to give a helping hand to those less fortunate than themselves.—*A. S. W., Chester.*

Touching

Among the many agreeable voices which come over the ether there is one which has fascinated and thrilled me more than any other. Not a human voice; not a voice conscious of its mighty audience; but the soft, sweet voice of the nightingale, the cascade of beautiful notes rising and falling in the cool woodland twilight.

It is a voice which speaks of home to the wanderer; a voice recalling a boyhood far from the noise of cities.

The nightingale's song must have touched the hearts of many, near and far.—*A. C., Surrey.*

Rest at Last

I am not a radio fan, nor do I even possess a receiver, yet there is one wireless voice I listen most eagerly for—"Big Ben" chiming midnight.

Six nights out of seven with monotonous regularity its metallic boom surges through my bedroom and fades into a merciful silence.

Then I heave a deep sigh of thankfulness and turn in my bed, for I know the nerve-racking noise which a modern generation considers music will finally cease and that I shall be able to snatch at last my long denied rest. . . . My neighbour, you see, is rather inconsiderate.—*S. E. H., Staple Hill.*

No Fool

"The fool!" I said caustically when I first heard him. Now he has no more faithful listener. His drolleries banish dull hours and worry.

Why this change of opinion? Because seventy-three-year-old grannie, after chastising me for my outburst, went on to say that in hospital, lighthouse, on board ship, and in countless poor homes—people forget their illness and loneliness in chuckling at Tommy Handley.

Then she concluded with: "You may think him a fool, but he's one of God's wee fools who do more to cheer the world than a thousand ordinary sermons."—*R. W., Woodthorpe.*

"All In"

It is always Black Friday for me. All the scrubbing, scouring and blackleading has to be finished on that day so that the home may be spick-and-span for the week-end.

At ten o'clock at night I am "all in." But soon afterwards the strains of Bugle Call Rag come through the loudspeaker, and later the cheeriest, cheekiest, full-of-high-spirits voice I have ever heard comes viâ the "mike," giving its well-known greeting.

Harry Roy is on the "air." Whether singing, fooling or giving a greeting, his voice silvers over Black Friday.—*Mrs. R. E., Huddersfield.*

Infectious Merriment

The voice I like to hear best over the air is that of Miss Gracie Fields. She invariably "comes over" with such vitality and personality that, when listening to her, I thoroughly enjoy myself.

I rejoice, too, in the knowledge that there are thousands of other listeners responding likewise to the infectious merriment in her voice.

Afterwards she leaves me with an exalted feeling, and once more renews my resolution to try and be like her in bringing happiness and cheer to other travellers on the road of life.—*M. K., Manchester.*

"Infectious" Gracie Fields, "High-spirited" Harry Roy, and "Romantic" Richard Tauber are among our readers' favourite radio "voices"

Nightly Councils

Hullo, children." How I like to hear that cheery greeting! When the unseen "auntie" steps before the microphone I know that my three young children will insist upon my silence, and will demand my wholehearted attention to the programme being sent out to them.

Together we listen to the story that is told. Soon they toddle off to bed; but will they sleep until we have thoroughly discussed the fate of that dragon, or the joy of that princess?

No, I join that world of Make Believe and enjoy these nightly councils initiated by the wireless "auntie." — "*Mum,*" *Andover.*

Cares Vanish

Bringing up a family of youngsters calls for a great deal of patience and sense of humour. There is always grandma or grandpa to grumble or mother-in-law to put her foot down and cause unhappy quarrels.

Days at the seaside or the Zoo may be a source of joy to the kiddies, but we older folk are often glad to be back home.

But when I tune-in to hear Mabel Constanduros, the cares of parenthood fall away and I find myself living over again those adventures with the kiddies and relations and laughing heartily at them all.—"*Another Buggins,*" *Liverpool.*

Pleasant Memories

A student in Vienna, I met a pretty German girl with whom I spent the most enjoyable month of my life.

Later, on a cool balcony overlooking the Danube, we pledged ourselves to meet again at the same place one year hence. But that date was August, 1914, and instead of hastening to a joyous reunion I found myself a prisoner of war.

Of all voices on my radio I like most that of Richard Tauber in Lehar's "Viennese Melodies," because it brings me pleasant recollections of that unforgettable war-shattered romance.—*D. A., Somerset.*

Inspiring Message

My choice is that of the Rev. W. H. Elliott, of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

Just for a few minutes on Thursday evenings his quiet voice is heard sending peace and encouragement to thousands of unseen listeners—blind and crippled, those in hospitals, invalids and people tired after the day's toil.

All these must gain strength and comfort, patience and endurance, for another week from the homely yet inspiring messages which he delivers.—*F. G. P., Redhill.*

* * *

The wireless "voice" that never fails to inspire deep emotion in me is that of good music. How I love to turn out the lights, sit back in an armchair in the darkened room, and listen-in to the sweet strains of melody emanating from my set. —"*Bach,*" *Lanark.*

A. J. Alan, mystery man of broadcasting, man whom millions have never seen—but know him well by his voice. His is the voice I like best, because it takes me into a hitherto unknown land—out of the rut into the realm of adventure.—"*Irene,*" *Hull.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now for the 'EBOR'

A FEW years ago the "Ebor" was adorned with the title of Great.

The prefix has gone, but the handicap is still the most popular long-distance race—apart from the St. Leger—in the North, and the winner is assured of the good old Yorkshire roar.

Flint Jack made Turf history when he won the race in 1922 and '23 and nearly landed the hat-trick.

I cannot find his like in the entries for the event for this month's race, but most of the best stayers in the country have been nominated, and once again some light may be shed on the Cesarewitch.

At first glance those I like best are Doreen Jane, Moneybox, R. B. Bennett and Near Relation. Perhaps the first-named will do the trick.

I understand that Mahmoud, probably the best of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds, is going to contest the Gimcrack Stakes. Fox will ride.

The Indian potentate scored with Bahram last year, and the horse retired a strong winter favourite for the Derby.

Mahmoud will probably follow in his footsteps, but I doubt that he, or the Bossover colt, who are reputed the best of the two-year-olds, will prove any use over a distance of ground.

Blenheim, the Derby winner, sired both, but the strong suit of their respective dams, Mah Mahal and Bossover, was speed.

It usually pays to follow the money at Windsor. My week-end selections are: Whataday, Mr. Jorkens and Back Rest.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 15, to Wednesday, August 21.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: O9893FQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW94962S would read CARETTA.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 20.

My Worst Moment

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.
M. J. MURPHY.

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell, "I had used different tonics but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff. Also my hair, which was getting grey, resumed its natural colour."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO quickly stops hair falling—removes it thinly and strongly. Gets rid of dandruff, and quickens slow growth. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair, for weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN LTD.,
8, Percy Street, (83, Gill), London, W.1.
Please send me post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

£900 Won in Crossword Competition No. 315.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from 19 competitors, who share the £750 offered.

Atkin, Mrs. A., 22, Shaa Rd., Acton, W.3.
Baines, Mrs. J., 92, Barton Rd., Stretford, Manchester.
Bramall, M. E., 7, Myrtle Rd., Sheffield.
Chilvers, L. F., 79, Waterloo Rd., Norwich.
Collins, Miss O., 384, Woodstock Rd., Belfast.
Crabtree, L., 58, Heidelberg Rd., Heaton, Bradford.
Crosthwaite, Mr., 51, Church St., Stockport.
Davies, Mrs. M., St. Mary, Pantbach Rd., Rhiwbina, Cardiff.
Downs, Mrs. H., 10, Coppice View, Crosspool, Sheffield.
Feather, F. L., 77, Harnall Lane E., Coventry.
Fryett, Miss, 24, King St., Maldon, Essex.
Hirst, A., 55, Coddington St., Blackburn.
Houchen, J., 82, High St., Langley Moor, Durham.
Hutchinson, W., 29, Iddesleigh Rd., Bedford.
James, A., 31, Fairview Way, Edgware.
Moss, S. H., Green Rd., Kidlington, Oxford.
Neale, W., 35, St. Cecilia St., Gt. Harwood.
Pease, G., 47, Boddington Rd., Hatton, nr. Aylesbury.
Shawe, J., 49, Lupus St., London, S.W.1.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £39 9s. 6d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and postal order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 288 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 10s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 free entries for our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise awards were won by 1,458 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

£6 monthly for life, £400 cash and a £50 holiday cheque this year and next, or a lump sum of £750 is the big first prize in "John Bull's" Crossword Offer on page 36. Also £150 and other handsome awards for runners-up.

TROUBLE WITH YOUR GUMS? then use Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS

or you may lose your teeth

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is science's answer to the problem of bleeding, tender, septic gums and the threat of extraction of sound teeth.

Dentists themselves use and are enthusiastic about Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste. After only a few days of using Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste gums are firm, bleeding stops, poisons cease to be generated, and loose, unhealthy teeth become sound and white and firm.

Read this letter . . . it is only one of hundreds received from Dentists testifying to the almost magical effects of Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste :—

"I was truly amazed at the remarkable improvement of my teeth and gums . . . the bleeding which has been a persistent feature for years stopped immediately and the lessening of the inflammation had to be seen to be believed. I have been in private practice for 20 years and have never been so impressed."

—*Ask Your Dentist!*

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste obtainable from Qualified Chemists only. Price 1/3 per large tube.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"Long Live the Teeth!" a veritable little mine of information on this important subject, worth its weight in diamonds for the time, money and pain it can save you. Free and post free, without obligation. Only a limited number of copies. Secure yours NOW. Send postcard, at once, with name and address to (Dept. 7V) D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., London, E.1.

Don't let PETTY ILLS SMASH UP YOUR HEALTH

Smash—it's an unpleasant word. It generally signifies destruction in some form. You can smash up your health by neglect of protective methods. Many petty ills, pain, nerviness, sleeplessness, simple colds can become real health destroyers if not dealt with at their inception. Now, there is no reason why you should not deal with and disperse petty ailments quickly, for 'ASPRO' owing to its being, after ingestion in the system, a solvent of Uric Acid—an antipyretic or fever reducer—a powerful germicide and an internal antiseptic, will definitely banish numerous complaints at their inception.

Take 'ASPRO' and KEEP WELL

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

IMMEDIATE PAIN-RELIEF

267, Northumberland Avenue, Reading.
Dear Sirs,
Just a few words of praise for 'ASPRO' I had some teeth extracted and for three days I had untold agony through aching gums and someone suggested 'ASPRO' and the first two tablets gave instant relief. I am, Yours truly,
V. WITHERS.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone : SLOUGH 608.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

17, Durban Street, Worcester, Cape Province.
Dear Sir,
I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.
Sincerely yours,
P. A. WILLIAMS.

PAINS IN HEAD LEGS & BODY BANISHED

1, Council Depot, Endsleigh Rd., Southall.
Dear Sir,
I am writing to you, I have been a sufferer with my head and pains in the legs and I must say I am much better. I could not sleep at night for the pains about the body. But since I have taken 'ASPRO' I am a new woman and always will recommend 'ASPRO.' They have saved me from a long illness.
E. BIRCH.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis and act as a deterrent.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

THIS MAN
—MR. F. GREEN, 206, MANCHESTER RD., AUDENSHAW, IS ONE OF 71 COMPETITORS WHO HAVE WON "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE THE NEXT TO CAPTURE A LIFE PENSION, A FORTUNE AND FREE HOLIDAYS?
NOW . . . WHAT ABOUT YOU?
£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE and £400 with £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE This year and next
GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE . . . OR £750 CASH
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD value £2
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.
Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE RECEIVED DATE RESULT APPEARS IN "JOHN BULL"

MOST pensions only begin after long years of hard work. But no matter what age you are, how often or how seldom you have entered Crosswords, "John Bull" is prepared to pay you a solid Life Pension of £6 a month provided you beat all your rivals in to-day's great Holiday Crossword Offer.

Nor is that all your reward if, like scores of other entrants, you score an outright success. You will receive, besides your Life Pension, a fortune of £400 in cash and a £50 Holiday Cheque this summer and next.

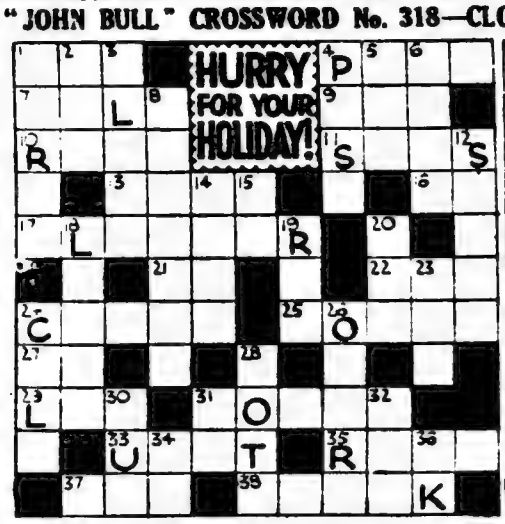
This week brings you the first of your two final opportunities of the season to secure a huge Holiday Prize, and you have a few days only in which to complete your squares. Study closely the common-sense Clues—and you will find it entertaining to provide them with common-sense answers.

In addition to the fine 3-in-1 First Prize, notice that there is as much as £150 in Holiday Cash for division amongst Runners-up, each of whom can qualify for a valuable Bonus as announced above.

Start on your fascinating task to-day, for your squares must reach "John Bull" by Thursday, August 22, if you are to be one of this year's last outright winners of a huge Holiday First Prize.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 monthly, £400 in cash and a Holiday Cheque this year and next of £50 (or a lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contests will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, August 29, and winner in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday Sept. 5.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 318—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1935



J B·318

J B·318

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

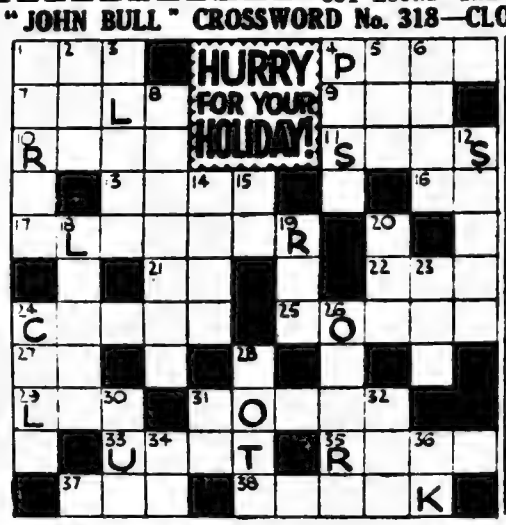
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 318—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1935



J B·318

J B·318

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

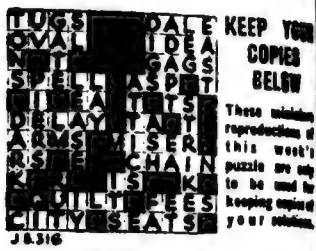
.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 318, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FREE HELP Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 316.

Winners in Crossword No. 315 appear in page 35. Winners in Crossword No. 316 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 316 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.



J B 316

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

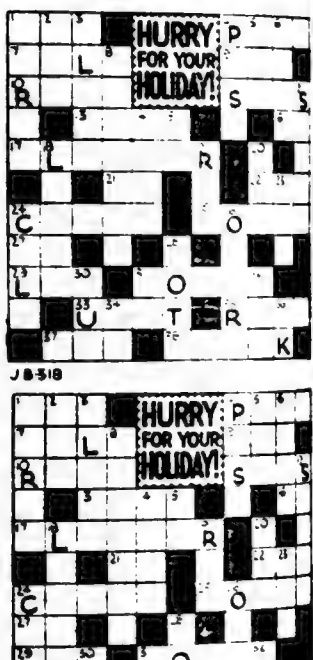
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Spider spins one
4. Arrival of twins gives Dad this
7. Wise old birds
9. Large quantity of tea can be brewed in
10. What harvesters do when corn is ripe
11. Sun does in evening
13. Square one would help unemployed
16. Both ends of oath and whole of exclamation
17. Describes swan's neck
21. Take away odd letter from odd
22. Cut aspect in two and take the serpent
24. Heavy ones may make you feel pretty sick
25. What Fido plants in garden
27. Middle of lorry
29. Root of all evil in letters
31. Enjoyed by many in holiday season
33. A single thing
35. What you may be in if your clothes get torn
37. You regret making this when you receive nothing
38. There's not much luxury about this

DOWN

1. Empty ones often go for song
2. Sheep's mother
3. The thin-skinned are easily cut by
4. Can open door that's just ajar
5. Cut head off hare
6. Preposition meaning "in"
8. One who is thin gets through a lot of money
12. Travellers are attracted by new ones
14. Tots up
15. Part of leg that is half lean
18. Some dogs wear harness and pull these
19. Doctor eases trouble with this
20. Auntie needs one to carry her luggage
23. Just look
24. Catching one may well be dangerous
26. Covent Garden is noted for this—and vegetables
28. Newlywed helps wife with
30. One likes trains, not bills, to come when they're this
31. Opening of cinema
32. Remove end of sack and leave a bag
34. Take nothing from not
36. Separated by H, I and J



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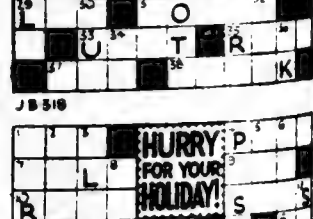

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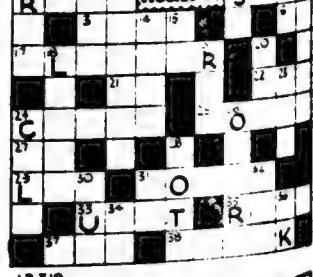


J B·318

J B·318

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 22, 1935.

2.—**In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 5, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 17, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double search as establishing those winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner shall purchase his copy of "John Bull."

The Editor Laughs Last

F.W. (Lowestoft).—"No married woman puts furniture before children." And who can blame her?

...ATIC (Plymouth).—"A recent high dive took it out of me." It got you down.

A. G. (Newmarket).—"I am a ...udge of horse flesh." So are cats.

... (Stafford).—"Some of the best ... in the world come from Sheffield." ...ot in Lincs?

...T. (Poplar).—"I just manage to ... living as a wrestling partner." ... struggling for an existence.

...ESTED (St. Albans).—"What is the ... for a man who feeds and fattens ...equitoes?" Sun-bather.

... BETTY (Brighton).—"After sea... on a cool day, what do you ...lly slip on?" Wet seaweed.

...ER (Clacton).—"I keep a list of all ...imneys that I find are awkward to ..." A kind of black list!

... (Leamington Spa).—"Every man ...eets has a certain cure for hay ... Except the man who's got it.

...MER (Dover).—"Suppose I did ... the Channel—where would it get ... To France.

... (Leeds).—"I find that going ... paying bills makes me very tired," ...ainly takes it out of you.

... B (Malden).—"My car may be ... years old, but she's still fine on ... But heavy on bills?

...T (Balham).—"I never take a bath ...trange boarding-house." You leave ...side?

... (Saltash).—"I am going bald very ...y. What do you advise me to put ... head?" Your hat.

...E PILOT (Heston).—"Women gener...vent all kinds of excuses when ... to go for a trip." Yet most go up ... air at the slightest provocation.

...ICO (Preston).—"When you hear a ...r scolding her daughter for smoking, ...do you deduce?" That they were ...r's cigarettes.

...TIONEER (Leeds).—"I should like ...g better than to spend the rest of ...ys in a country garden." Sur...d by nodding flowers?

... (Kingston-on-Thames).—"I had ...st lesson in punting on the river ...day." Did you get to the bottom

...MBER (Runcorn).—"I have written ...el." If you're anything like the ...er who attended to our pipes last ...ook should have some clever twists.

... (Bedford).—"If a man feels un...table after a meal, it means he has ... too much." Or that he is unable ... for it.

... (Southampton).—"It's very ex... to see a big liner steam out of the ...ur at night." Especially if it's the ...u ought to have caught.

... (Leeds).—"After ten years' hard ... I now own my own boot and shoe ... You are the sole proprietor at

... (Suffolk).—"Although our church ...is a very small thing, the local tax ...or plays it extremely well." He is ...e man to get the last note out of it.

...OLBOY (Felixstowe).—"Our head... never eats meat and he rules us ... rod of iron." He's a strict vege...?

... (Pontypool).—"The door of our ...used to swing back against the wall ...a terrific crash until I got the ...ter to see to it." He soon put a ...o it?

... (Streatham).—"An international ...ll forward is in charge of a big ... to be held shortly." Well, he ... to know all about controlling a

...N. (Newport).—"Many a man pos... definite talent as a sculptor and ...ot know it." Not, at least, until ... tried to cut one of his wife's

...ICIAN (Petts Wood).—"I play the ... in a dance band but I'm keen on ...something bigger; what would you ... me to do?" Why not learn to ...he 'cello?

... (Brixton).—"It is embarrassing to ...long the street with two coppers." ...he feels more awkward to be with... ...he when confronted by a pretty ...of flags.

...E. J. (Morecambe).—"A young man ...ly brought my daughter home at ...n the morning yesterday!" His ..., no doubt, was that he had to start ...t six.

...RTISING AGENT (London, W.).—...n a gramophone recording company ...tarted some years ago they came to ...r advice, and now they occupy a ... place in the industry." You ...tly established a record.

MOTHER (Deal).—"What bigger nuisances can there be in the pantry than six-year-old boys?" Seven-year-old boys.

MRS. S. (Galashiels).—"When hubby looked after the garden, the wheelbarrow was always full." Of hubby?

S. F. (Lewes).—"What is the best advice to give to a man who turns up his nose at work?" Tell him to turn up his sleeves instead.

HEAVYWEIGHT BOXER (Blackfriars).—"When I go swimming, I float for miles flat on my back." Well, that's a natural position.

JOE B. (Bury).—"My father used to be a 'knocker up' in Lancashire and afterwards he became a boxing champion." A knocker down, then?

CHEMIST (Edinburgh).—"I tried to invent a syrup which would make people happy and jolly, but after five years I had nothing for my pains." That's no laughing matter.

THE KID

T. R. (Colyton).—"It is surprising what some people will believe." We can quite believe that.

A. C. S. (York).—"When a new wool shop opened, people flocked to it." Like a lot of sheep?

LUCKY TIM (Newport).—"In less than a month I am going on a six weeks' tour." How are you going to manage it?

S. T. (Grimsby).—"The craze for parachute jumping can only end in one thing." Coming down to earth.

MISS ANN (Anstruther).—"Name me any girl in love who talks behind her boy friend's back." A pillion girl.

BORED (London, N.E.).—"What is there beyond the pier at the average seaside resort?" The sea.

AUTHOR (Bloomsbury).—"My new story begins with a successful police chase." An arresting opening.

BAKER (Leeds).—"My new tuppenny steak pie is not selling well. What should I do?" Put more beef into it!

F. N. (Liverpool).—"A good cigar can be judged by the feel of it." And how you feel after it.

GRAMMATICAL (Bourne End).—"I am rather concerned as to the correct use of the words 'that' and 'which.' What do you advise?" That which is correct.

INTERESTED (Oswestry).—"Is it true that there are such things as insect farms?" Yes—we picnicked on one only the other day.

WIRELESS FAN (Northampton).—"My neighbour has discovered a most wonderful gadget for his wireless set." We know, a lock and key.

SWIMMER (Blackpool).—"The nervous bather who holds others up on the diving board gets into hot water." What he is afraid of, of course, is just the reverse.

FILM FAN (Crediton).—"There's even a super-cinema in the Arctic Circle now!" But we'll bet it hasn't a sign outside saying "It's Cooler Inside."

STORES PROPRIETOR (Leeds).—"I have installed an elevator as a fillip to business." In the hope of sending up the number of customers?

SUFFERER (Birmingham).—"If only I told everything about the way the dentist treated me!" A lot to come out, evidently

BILLPOSTER (Hythe).—"Although I am turned eighty I won't retire, and I would sooner work for nothing than be idle." You're a sticker, anyway!

ENGINEER (Leeds).—"I have followed the progress of the omnibus from the start." And you're hoping that one of these days the driver will consent to stop?

MRS. N. T. (York).—"Telegrams always scare me stiff." Have you forgotten the P.M.G.'s new Joy Wires, sent out in golden envelopes? That's the kind we may be sending you one Friday shortly if you enter for the last 200 Holiday Prizes on page 39.

DICK (Rugby). — "My neighbour's garden doesn't look anything like mine, although he has a gardener to do it." That's probably why.

PUZZLED (Crediton).—"I can't make up my mind whether to go to Jersey or Guernsey, and yet I've thought a lot about it." So between the two, you're all at sea.

NAT (Swansea).—"The umpire was hooted several times, and a chance remark by him afterwards told us that he wanted the visitors to win." In other words, he gave the game away.

T. H. L. (Belfast).—"With six children to cater for, I don't get time even to cut the grass in my garden." With such a family you are lucky to have any grass to cut.

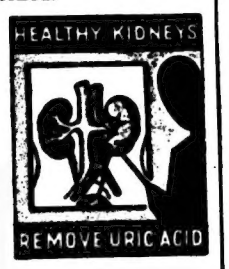
ROSARIAN (Feltham).—"I sent several articles on rose growing to a gardening paper, but only extracts from them appeared." Apparently the editor pruned them for you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Your kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.



Rheumatism, backache, sciatica, lumbago—all these painful ills arise from the one cause—kidney trouble. *Remove that cause!*

Kidney trouble yields almost like magic to a remedy that has behind it fifty years of public approval—De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They act directly upon the kidneys, cleanse them, strengthen them, and help them to carry out their work of removing uric acid from the system. Within 24 hours of taking the first few De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you will know they have acted on the kidneys. Then comes a feeling of fitness and well-being, telling you that your system is being rid of the harmful uric acid that attacked every muscle and joint in your body. Take De Witts Pills, and once again enjoy life. Price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS MAKE YOUR KIDNEYS HEALTHY

De WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

The Danger of INDIGESTION

The stomach lies under the heart, separated from it by the diaphragm. When food ferments (through excess acid), the top of the stomach swells up and presses against the heart.

The result is *Agonising Pains, Palpitation, Fainting, often a feeling of total collapse*—all symptoms of acute indigestion.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared for the complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a common-sense way. If you persevere it will relieve you of your trouble entirely.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the weak stomach continually produces, allays the irritation and dispels the gas.

Secondly, the inflamed or ulcerated stomach and duodenum are protected from the hot, burning acids by a film of the finest Kaolin procurable. The stomach thus protected, the inflammation and ulcers rapidly heal and the agonising pain disappears.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests portions of your food, taking the load off the weakened stomach. And finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder so assist Nature to build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that there will be no recurrence of the trouble.

De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in sky-blue Canister, price— **1/6**

OVER the sea came a woman's cry. It made the man who was enjoying a bathe turn swiftly, and fear gripped him at what he saw. Some distance away his daughter was in difficulties. In a flash he realised what had happened. She had floated out of her depth.

Although he was not a strong swimmer he swam as fast as he could to her rescue.

Then came the tragedy.

But a short distance from his daughter, the man also got into difficulties and, despite a brave struggle, he was drowned. Three men came to his daughter's assistance and escorted her safely ashore.

This, in brief, was the sad fate that befell Mr. Frederick Jotham, of Hanbury Lodge, Cardiff Road, Bargoed, while he was bathing with his daughter at Ogmore-by-Sea.

"JOHN BULL'S" £110 CHEQUE.

Mr. Jotham was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, *and to his widow* JOHN BULL, *under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has dispatched a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.*

All the year round, and at holiday time, too, JOHN BULL, under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, protects its registered readers against numerous common perils.

JOHN BULL not only provides benefits for Accidents while Boating and Bathing, but also for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, etc.

Again, JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard the Home against Fire, Storm, Flood and Lightning Damage, to pay Sickness benefit and to add a welcome 10 per cent. Bonus to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Fill up the Forms for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift AT ONCE.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

Sign the forms below TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/8/35

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 17/8/35

CLERK TAKES GOLDEN LEAF from Life's LEDGER

Interview with Winner of Double Holiday Prize

"Befriend the friendless," he urged

EVER since he was married nearly three years ago, a busy young Bristol shipping clerk has been working away at *Bullets* in the evening. Twisting and turning words in a determined effort to make a First Prize effort has proved for him an absorbing hobby—and now his ship has come home.

Thanks to dogged persistence and his wife's constant encouragement, this keen "Bulleteer"—Mr. C. D. House, 11, Clifton Wood Road, Bristol—has achieved his ambition. His 2-in-1 reward for a few words was our 991st First Prize—£500 cash and £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life.

* * *

When I called to congratulate Mr. House, writes a JOHN BULL man, he took me up to his little top-floor flat and introduced me to his wife. "I can honestly say," he declared, "that I owe my success to her. Not only has she put up with me working away in silence for night after night, but she has been a tremendous help by acting as a candid judge of my efforts."

Soon our talk switched on to prize *Bullets* in general, and, of course, one in particular—Mr. House's neat and appealing tribute to those who help the helpless—GOOD BOOK—LIFE, DEDICATED TO *Friendless*.

"I often try to make comments on life in general," he told me. "This time, I remember, the *Example* instantly suggested the use of life as a book. The word 'dedicated' naturally followed, and I thought that the twist from the usual dedication to a *friend* gave it a strong ending."

This typical *Bullets* plodder, I covered, started his assaults on our pr lists ten years ago and soon captured a award. "I was on office-boy's w then," he recalled, "and it made me like a millionaire.

"I only worked at *Bullets* spasmodic in those days," he went on, "but late commenced to tackle them seriously a have not missed a single Contest since. won a £2 10s. award in *Bullets* No. and though lately I have won nothing 'Targets,' I have not been in the le discouraged."

This earnest competitor had two str allies in his fight for a fortune. unbounded faith in the fairness *Bullets* kept me going," he declared, a ing in conclusion a further tribute to life partner. "It would have been possible to reach the top," he said, "wit out her unending patience, tolerance a encouragement."

* * *

By thinking of o less fortunate, th young winner made own fortune—and t idea behind his Bu was no more than a l from the ledger of life.

Its pages, remem are equally open for y to study when maki your *Bullets* for th week's £600. And, s as First Prize winn you would be invited nominate ten nee families for a glori £5 outing at Jo BULL'S expense, you w be helping others as y help yourself.

MAKE HIS AID YOURS!

"I read the *Bulletin* from A to Z: it covers every mistake we 'Bulleteers' make." Those are the words of Mr. C. D. House, the story of whose First Prize triumph appears on this page.

He refers to *Bullets Bulletin*, the invaluable little guide to the prize-list which *John Bull* provides for the mere cost of its ½d. weekly postage. Brimful of Competition hints and news, *Bullets Bulletin* can be delivered to your door by post every Thursday. All you have to do is to post off the Easy Reservation Coupon opposite, or enclose it with your *Bullets* entry.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 992

First Prize—£600 and £50 Holiday Cheque this year and next

A. B. CASSFORD, 71, Broadway, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Example: VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Bullet: LAST BREATH "FILLS SAILS."

(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

H. L. HOPKIN, 24, Second Single Row, North Seaton Colliery, Newbiggin-by-Sea, Northumberland.

Example: Nurses

Bullet: Paid Tributes—Pay's Insult.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

G. T. WIGNALL, 3, Charles Terrace, Mace Street, London, E.

Example: Something Different

Bullet: Yet Life's "Repetition," Baby.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: G. CAIN, Attleboro' Lane, Water Orton, Birmingham.
Finished—Week's Wages—Week's Ages!

£15: O. EDWARDS, 8, Bryn Terrace, Middle Road, Swansea.
Jerrybuilt House—"Hole" Needing Unending Mending.

£10: W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich.
Flying Visit—To Earn "Wings." Life.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9 10s.: G. H. WELLS, 80, Estcourt Road, South Norwood, S.E.
Merchants Of Death—Busy—"Boys Wanted" Soon.

£9: J. E. MEDCALF, 204, Church Road, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs.
Odds And Ends—Endless, Or Youngster's Odd.

£8 10s.: J. K. GAINS, 5, Vicarage Street, Nottingham.
Jerrybuilt House—"Unfit," But "Joins Regiment."

£8: R. F. FINN, 17, Sandown Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea
Merchants Of Death—World's "Gales," Their "Trade-winds."

£7 10s.: H. EDWARDS, 14, Hibbert Ravensdale, Mansfield
When The Boarder Left Well, Tanner!
Wealth, Tanner!

£7: Mrs. F. E. STUTCHBURY, 2, Richm Terrace, Brighton.
Finished — Week's "Ba — Country's Ours.

£6 10s.: C. SMITH, 4, A lingborough
Nurses—Tread Softly — Wa Hard.

£6: B. BRENNAN, 28, Fr Preston.
Merchants Of Death—Peace Spectre Spectators.

£5 10s.: D. ROFFI, 9, Lam wark, S.E.11.
Good Thrashing—Prolonged ing." Also.

£5: H. BIDDLE, Millend Farm, ford, Glos.
Brave Woman—"Fighting W fighter.

£4 10s.: A. W. DAVIS, Road, Bristol.
Jerrybuilt House—"Flash" ning!

£4: Mrs. E. M. LUCAS, 81, Ro lingham, Kent.
Grandpa Says—"World's So's Newspaper!

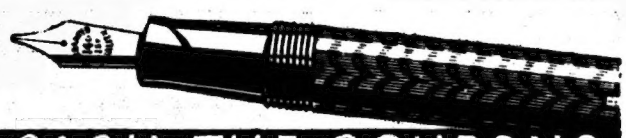
£3 10s.: M. CALVER, 6, Abercorn N.W.8.
Loud Snores—Then Votes "Turn Over."

£3: J. R. McAVOY, 63, Old Edinburgh Inverness.
In Came Father And—Straightened Collar Missing!

A list of 30 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

LAST HUGE "BULLETS" OFFER OF £600 and £5 SEASIDE OUTING for 10 NEEDY FAMILIES To be chosen by Winner.

FIRST PRIZE

200 HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£50 £25

£20 £18 £16 £14

£12 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4

10 OF £3 25 OF £2·10s 50 OF £2 100 OF 25/-

500 of 2/6 • 2,000 Red Seal 'Targets' • 8,000 'Target' Prizes

NOW OR NEVER FOR LAST 200 HOLIDAY PRIZES

A FEW days more and JOHN BULL'S giant 1935 Holiday Campaign will be over. You *must* be quick if you want a share in this last huge distribution of over £1,200 in Holiday Cash.

A fortune of £600 awaits the sender of the week's best *Bullet*, and it will be the winner's pleasant privilege to nominate ten needy families for a glorious seaside outing at JOHN BULL'S expense.

Just think what that bumper cheque would mean to you and yours—and picture also the pleasure of knowing that by your efforts ten other families will be able to enjoy a seaside trip they will always remember.

Supporting this fine "Help Others" first are no fewer than 200 substantial Holiday Cheques, which will be in their winner's hands just when the cash will be most welcome.

THIS WAY TO SUCCESS

NO matter how rough are the first ideas suggested to you by the *Examples*, any of them may be developed into a prize *Bullet*.

Remember, as you polish up the phrasing of your first rough comments, that a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up aptly with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you had decided to work on the *Example* ON THE LINE. Your first thought might be, *Mother's Washing Shows Her Courage*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, ON THE LINE—"WHITE FLAGS"—MOTHER'S "FIGHTER."

Before you begin on your own *Bullets*, be wise and study the winning efforts on the previous page.

Then start making prize *Bullets* of your own, remembering that they must reach Long Acre by Saturday, August 24, if you want to be amongst the last 200 Holiday Prize-winners.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BLOW FOR THE LEAGUE
MUSSOLINI
MY NEXT HOLIDAY
PICNIC PARTY
BIT OF A BREEZE
PILOT BALDWIN
LIGHTING HIS CIGAR
WHAT HE'S WORTH
INDUSTRY'S SUMMER
LIKE CLOCKWORK
WHEN THE VICAR CALLS
AT OUR FLOWER SHOW
FATHER GLARED AND
HE'S GOT BRAINS, BUT
TIRED OF TRYING
"ABOUT TIME, TOO!"
HEALTHY
ON THE LINE
CATS AND DOGS
ALMOST A TRAGEDY
AS MRS. SMITH SAID
SHOCK FOR THE BARMAID
LAD ON THE DOLE
HE'S A HUSBAND, SO
HOMESICK
CAUGHT NAPPING
CLOUDS OF SMOKE
NOW SONNY'S ENGAGED
WITH APOLOGIES
FOOLING ABOUT
HEAVY PUNISHMENT
BEYOND WORDS
IN GRANDPA'S DAY
SAME OLD STORY
FACING RUIN
GOING TO WAR

THIS WEEK ONLY—Closing Sat. Aug. 24—HURRY

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(996) Closing SAT., Aug. 24.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(996) Closing SAT., Aug. 24.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(996) Closing SAT., Aug. 24.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(996) Closing SAT., Aug. 24.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 996 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 996, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords—Use this coupon!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness of expression and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed to the value of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be detached.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 991 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Alsop, 6, Jacob's Wells Road, Bristol

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Suffered SINCE THE Boer War

WITH

CHRONIC GASTRIC and other STOMACH TROUBLES

VETERAN OF SIEGE OF LADYSMITH

Pays Outstanding Tribute to

Yeast-Vite Brand

TONIC TABLETS

In 3 Hospitals —All Sorts of Treatment —No Good Results.

IF there is one trouble which strikes at the root of life itself, precipitates a veritable purgatory of suffering and robs the unfortunate sufferer of every joy and pleasure in life—it is STOMACH TROUBLE!

To have to endure its agonies for a month—*for a week even*—is sufficient to carve indelible furrows of pain upon the features—to cast one into the very depths of despair.

What then must have been the sufferings of the writer of the letter we publish to-day? Right back from the time he fought in the Boer War—after being shut up for months in the terrible siege of Ladysmith—he contracted CHRONIC GASTRIC TROUBLE which lasted for 35 YEARS! Imagine it, if you can! Picture this man's hopeless search for relief—the disappointments as hospitals and treatments failed to end his pain.

AND THEN, AFTER 35 YEARS OF SUFFERING, YEAST-VITE GAVE HIM BACK THE HEALTH HE HAD LOST!

No wonder he says "It has done a miracle!" No wonder that in his deep and abiding gratitude he recommends Yeast-Vite to every sufferer he meets!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE NO PAY!

OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Dear Sirs, London.

I have been a great sufferer ever since the Boer War, 1900, through chronic gastric and other stomach troubles caused through that War.

I was shut up in the siege of Ladysmith, where I got chronic Dysentery. I have been in three hospitals. I never did get well—I have had all sorts of treatments, but with no good results.

Now I enjoy my food and get good nights of rest. I feel it only fair and my duty to write and thank you. I am sure it is only your wonderful tonic that could have cured me. It has done a miracle and got me back to my normal health again.

I was taken bad some little while ago. I gave up all hope of getting well again. I was in bed four weeks. I was told by a friend to try Yeast-Vite and I got a 1/3 bottle. Now I can get to my work, which is hard work.

I am a blacksmith now, and I enjoy my food without getting any pains.

I can say that Yeast-Vite is the King of all Tonics. No one knows what pain I was in, only myself. One dose of Yeast-Vite took all the pain away and I shall only be too pleased to recommend it to all people that I know suffer.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) R. W.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/- *SOLD EVERYWHERE*

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